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4  
Wynne, 1600. The Harp. 1600. 1600. 1600.  
From the 1600. 1600. 1600. 1600.

SOCIAL  
MELODIES:  
A  
COLLECTION OF HYMNS,  
FOR THE USE OF  
WEDDING-MEETINGS, SABBATH-SCHOOLS  
BIBLE-CLASSES AND FAMILIES.

BY C. C. BURR.

For never harp or lyre revealed  
Such music as the heart can yield.

---

PORLAND:  
S. H. COLESWORTHY:  
BOSTON:  
B. B. MUSSEY:  
1841.

S.C.R.

8V

450

1887

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those christians who delight to meet in so  
and solemn worship. I have not sacrificed  
the warmth and fervor of those old fashioned  
prayer-meeting hymns, by attempting to  
give them the polish of more classic imagery  
and of formal correctness. I have retained  
their original form, except in a few instances  
where the sentiment was objectionable; or  
where I have detected effeminate sentimentality, or gross awkwardness in the style;  
I have ventured to make slight alterations.  
**But in every instance where alteration**

all devout -  
be the means, and  
chances of mortal life, of mu -  
sections towards the Sovereign Dispense -  
every good, is my earnest prayer.

C. C. BURR.

PORLAND, January, 1841.

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*Ye followers of the Prince* - -  
*Ye come, ye come with gladness* -

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## HYMNS FOR THE COMMENCEMENT OF PRAISE-MEETINGS.

---

1. C. M. Miss H. M. WILLIAMS.

### *Evangelical Devotion.*

- 1 WHILE thee I seek, protecting Power,  
Be my vain wishes stilled;  
And may this consecrated hour  
With better hopes be filled.
- 2 Thy love the pow'r of thought bestowed;  
To thee my thoughts would soar;  
Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed;  
That mercy I adore.
- 3 In each event of life, how clear  
Thy ruling hand I see!  
Each blessing to my soul more dear,  
Because conferred by thee.
- 4 In every joy that crowns my days,  
In every pain I bear,  
My heart shall find delight in praise,  
*Or seek relief in prayer.*

B

17

Thy love my thoughts shall fill;  
Resigned when storms of sorrow lower,  
My soul shall meet thy will.

6 My lifted eye, without a tear,  
The gathering storm shall see:  
My steadfast heart shall know no fear;  
That heart will rest on thee.

**2.**

**C. M. \*H. K. WHITE.**

*Evening Hymn.*

1 O Lord, another day is flown,  
And we, a happy band,  
Are met once more before thy throne,  
To bless thy fostering hand.

2 And wilt thou lend a listening ear  
To praises low as ours?  
Thou wilt! for thou dost love to hear  
The song which meekness pours.

3 And Jesus, thou thy smiles will deign,  
As we before thee pray;  
For thou didst bless the infant train,  
And we are less than they.

4 O let thy grace perform its part,  
And let contention cease;  
And shed abroad in every heart  
Thine everlasting peace!

5 *Thus chastened, cleansed, entirely this*  
*A flock by Jesus led;*

Sun of Holiness shall shine,  
A glory on our head.

C. M. \*COWPER.  
Retirement.

FAR from the world, O Lord! I flee,  
From strife and tumult far;  
From scenes where Envy wages still  
Her most successful war.

The calm retreat, the silent shade,  
With prayer and praise agree:  
And seem by thy sweet bounty made  
For those who follow thee.

3 There, if thy Spirit touch the soul,  
And grace her mean abode,  
Oh! with what peace, and joy, and love,  
She communes with her God!

4 There, like the nightingale, she pours  
Her solitary lays;  
Nor asks a witness of her song,  
Nor thirsts for human praise.

5 Author and Guardian of my life,  
Sweet source of light divine!  
And (all harmonious names in one)  
My Saviour, thou art mine!

6 What thanks I owe thee, and what love,  
A boundless, endless store,  
Shall echo through the realms above,  
When time shall be no more.

*The Same.*

- 1 SHADES of evening! ye have cast  
To the earth your woven pall,  
And the night is coming fast  
Over wood and waterfall.
- 2 Dimmer grows the dying light,  
Though its beauty lingers yet;  
Look!—upon the brow of night,  
Like a gem, each star is set!
- 3 Bounteous Benefactor! thou  
Hast preserved us through the day;  
Humbly would we thank thee now,  
As we kneel to praise and pray.
- 4 While the day of life shall last,  
Guide us wheresoe'er we roam :  
When the night of death is past,  
Take us to thy heavenly home.

**5.**      **7s M.**      **ANONYMOUS.**

*The Same.*

- 1 Now from labor and from care,  
Evening shades have set us free;  
In the work of praise and prayer,  
Lord, we would commune with thee;  
*O behold us from above,—*  
*Fill us with a Saviour's love!*

— charm us here below,  
But the music of thy voice;  
Thou hast made our cup run o'er—  
Praise be thine for evermore!

3 For the blessings of this day—  
For the mercies of this hour—  
For the gospel's cheering ray—  
For the Spirit's quickening power—  
Grateful hearts to thee we raise,—  
O accept our hymns of praise!

**6.** L. M. 61. \*ANONYMOUS.

*Invoking the Father's Presence.*

1 O FATHER,—draw us after thee!  
So shall we run and never tire;  
Thy presence still our comfort be,  
Our hope, our joy, our sole desire—  
Thy spirit —

## 7, 8 HYMNS FOR THE COMMENCEMENT

And when the storms of life shall cease,  
O God! in that important hour,  
In death as life be thou our guide,  
And bear us through death's whelming tide.

### 7. 8s & 7s M. ANONYMOUS. *Love Divine.*

1 Love divine, all love excelling,  
Joy of heaven, to earth come down!  
Fix in us thy humble dwelling,  
All thy faithful mercies crown.  
Father! thou art all compassion,  
Pure, unbounded love thou art;  
Visit us with thy salvation,  
Enter every longing heart.

2 Breathe, O breathe thy loving spirit  
Into every troubled breast;  
Let us all in thee inherit,  
Let us find thy promised rest.  
Come, almighty to deliver,  
Let us all thy life receive;  
Graciously come down, and never,  
Never more thy temples leave.

### 8. C. M. WATTS. *Holy Spirit.*

1 Come, holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,  
With all thy quickening powers.  
Kindle a flame of sacred love  
In these cold hearts of ours.

In vain we strive to rise;  
Hosannas languish on our tongues,  
And our devotion dies.

4 Dear Lord! and shall we ever live  
At this poor dying rate?  
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,  
And thine to us so great?

5 Come, holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,  
With all thy quickening powers,  
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,  
And that shall kindle ours.

9.

L. M. 6l. ANONYMOUS.

*The Same.*

1 ETERNAL Spirit! source of light,  
Enlivening, consecrating fire!  
Descend,—and, with celestial heat,  
Our dull, our frozen hearts inspire;  
Our souls refine, our dross consume;  
Come, condescending Spirit, come!

2 In our cold breasts, O, strike a spark  
*Of that pure flame which seraphs feel;*

## 10 HYMNS FOR THE COMMENCEMENT

Nor let us wander in the dark,  
Or lie benumbed and stupid still.  
Come, vivifying Spirit, come!  
And make our hearts thy constant home.

3 Let pure devotion's fervors rise!  
Let every pious passion glow!  
O let the raptures of the skies  
Kindle in our cold hearts below.  
Come, purifying Spirit, come,  
And make our souls thy constant home!

**10.**                   S. M.           \*E. TAYLOR.

### *House of Prayer.*

- 1 **C**OME to the house of prayer,  
O ye afflicted, come:  
The God of peace shall meet you there—  
He makes that house his home.
- 2 **C**OME to the house of praise,  
Ye who are happy now;  
In sweet accord your voices raise,  
In kindred homage bow.
- 3 **Y**e aged, hither come,  
For ye have felt his love:  
Soon shall your trembling tongues be dum'  
Your lips forget to move.
- 4 **Y**e young, before his throne,  
*Come, bow; your voices raise;*

Let not your hearts His praise disown  
Who gives the power to praise.

You, whose benignant eye  
In mercy looks on all—  
Who see'st the tear of misery,  
And hear'st the mourner's call—

Up to thy dwelling-place  
Bear our frail spirits on,  
Till they outstrip time's tardy pace,  
And heaven on earth be won.

• 6s, 6s & 4s M. ANONYMOUS.

*Invocation.*

1 Come, thou almighty King,  
Help us thy name to sing—  
Help us to praise.  
Father all-glorious,  
O'er all victorious,  
Come and reign over us,  
Ancient of days.

2 Come, thou eternal Lord,  
By heaven and earth adored,  
Our prayer attend.  
Come, and thy people bless;  
Give thy good word success;  
Make thine own holiness  
On us descend.

## 12 HYMNS FOR THE COMMENCEMENT

3 Be thou our comforter;  
Thy sacred witness bear  
In this glad hour.  
Omnipotent thou art :  
O, rule in every heart,  
And ne'er from us depart,  
Spirit of power !

4 O Holy One! to thee  
Eternal praises be  
Hence, evermore.  
Thy sovereign majesty  
May we in glory see,  
And to eternity  
Love and adore.

### 12. H. M. THOMAS'S COL. *Praise.*

1 Ye tribes of Adam, join  
With heaven, and earth, and seas,  
And offer notes divine  
To your Creator's praise;  
Ye holy throng of angels bright,  
In worlds of light begin the song.

2 Let every heart unite  
To sound his praise divine;  
His truth and love and light,  
Can never know decline;  
*Wide as he reigns, his name be sung*  
*By every tongue, in joyous strains.*

I ~~mean~~,

2 **Enlighten every mind,**  
    Fill every heart with grace;  
    **May every spirit find**  
        That God is in the place:  
    **Then to his name a song we'll raise,**  
        And every note shall swell with praise  
3 **Hark! hark! 'tis Jesus's voice;**  
    O, listen to his word;  
    **He says, Ye saints, rejoice,**  
        For all your prayers are heard:  
    **Then to his name a song we'll raise,**  
        And every note shall swell with praise  
4 **Soon shall the Saviour give**  
    *Our souls their full desire;*

1 To THEE, O God, —  
But not for golden stores;  
Nor covet I the brightest gems  
Which deck the Eastern shores;

2 Nor that deluding, empty joy  
Men call a mighty name;  
Nor greatness, with its pride and state,  
My restless thoughts inflame;

3 Nor pleasure's fascinating charms  
My fond desires allure;  
But nobler things than these, from thee,  
My wishes would secure.

4 The faith and hope of joys to come  
My best affections move, —  
Thy light, thy favor, and thy smiles,  
Thine everlasting love.

WAT

15. C. P. M.

*General Praise.*

*I BEGIN, my soul, the lofty lay;*  
*Let each enraptured thought obey.*

... the glad'ning theme.

Thou heaven of heavens, his vast abode  
Ye clouds, proclaim your Maker, God;

Ye thunders, speak his power;  
Lo! on the lightning's rapid wings,

In triumph rides the King of kings;

Astonished worlds adore.

3 Ye deeps, with roaring billows, rise,  
To join the thunder of the skies;

Praise him who bids you roll:  
His praise in softer notes declare,

Each whispering breeze of yielding air,  
And breathe it to the soul.

4 Let man, by nobler passions swayed,  
The feeling heart, the reasoning head,

In heavenly praise employ:  
Spread the Creator's name ...

Till heaven ...

All fair with even—  
Season of rest! the tranquil soul  
Feels thy sweet calm, and melts in love;  
And while these sacred moments roll,  
Faith sees a smiling heaven above.  
How short the time, how soon the sun  
Sets; and dark night resumes her reign:  
And soon the hours of rest are done,  
Then morrow brings the world again.  
Yet will our journey not be long,  
Our pilgrimage will soon be trod;  
And we shall join the ceaseless song,  
The endless Sabbath of our God.

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HYMNS TO BE SUNG DURING THE  
SERMONS

I'll sit for ever viewing  
Mercy's streams in streams of blood  
Precious drops my soul bedewing,  
Plead and claim my peace with God.

Love and grief my heart dividing,  
Gazing here I'd spend my breath;  
Constant still in faith abiding,  
Life deriving from his death:

4 Lord, in ceaseless contemplation,  
Fix my heart and eyes on thine,  
Till I taste thy whole salvation,  
Where unveiled thy glories shine!

**18.** H. M. ANONYMOUS  
*Prayer.*

1 O LORD of glory! come,  
And bless thy people here;  
Our waiting minds illume;  
Our longing spirits cheer.  
By thee in truth divinely blest,  
In thee alone we seek a rest.

2 Thy gospel word display,  
In all its holy light,  
That here, in wisdom's way,  
Thy people may unite.  
We wait thy blessing from above;  
O grant us thy refreshing love!

## 19 HYMNS TO BE SUNG DURING THE

3 And when we hence depart,  
Thy spirit still bestow,  
That so in every heart  
Thy blessing we may know.  
In thee alone we find a rest,  
By thee alone divinely blest.

### 19. 1s & 6s M. ANONYMOUS.

*Inspiration.*

1 RISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings,  
Thy better portion trace;  
Rise from transitory things,  
Towards heaven, thy native place:  
Sun, and moon, and stars decay,  
Time shall soon this earth remove;  
Rise, my soul, and haste away  
To seats prepared above.

2 Rivers to the ocean run,  
Nor stay in all their course;  
Fire ascending seeks the sun,—  
Both speed them to their source:  
So a soul that's born of God  
Pants to view his glorious face,  
Upward tends to his abode,  
To rest in his embrace.

3 Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn,  
Press onward to the prize;  
*Soon our Saviour will return,*  
*Triumphant in the skies:*

3 There generous fruits, that never fail,  
    On trees immortal grow; [vi]  
There rocks, and hills, and brooks,  
    With milk and honey flow.

4 All o'er those wide-extended plains  
    Shines one eternal day;  
There God, the sun, forever reigns,  
    And scatters night away.

5 No chilling winds or poisonous breath  
    Can reach that healthful shore;  
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,  
    Are felt and feared no more.

C

33

*Assurance of Heaven.*

- 1 WHEN I can read my title clear  
    To mansions in the skies,  
    I bid farewell to ev'ry fear,  
    And wipe my weeping eyes.
- 2 Should earth against my soul engag  
    And hellish darts be hurl'd,  
    Then I can smile at Satan's rage,  
    And face a frowning world.
- 3 Let cares, like a wild deluge, come  
    And storms of sorrow fall;  
    May I but safely reach my home,  
    My God, my heaven, my all,—  
    • ~~When shall I bathe my weary sou'~~

voices united the anth  
And show forth his praises wi

2 Let praise to the Lord, who n  
Let each grateful heart be g  
The God whom we worship  
attend,  
And view with complacen  
we bring.

3 Be joyful ye saints, sustain  
And let your glad songs aw  
morn;  
For those who obey him are s  
His hand with salvation the n

4 Then praise ye the Lord—  
song,  
And let all his saints in fu  
With voices united the anth  
And show forth his praises wi

## 23.

P. M.

*Our Friend.*

1 ONE there is, above all oth  
Well deserves the name  
His is love beyond a brothe  
Costly, free, and knows  
They who once his ki  
Find it everlasting lov

1s M. DODDRIDGE  
Praise.

ord—prepared a new soc  
its in full concert join,

4 HYMNS TO BE SUNG DURING THE

2 Which, of all our friends, to save us,  
Could, or would have shed his blood?  
But our Jesus died to have us  
Reconciled in him to God :  
This was boundless love indeed!  
Jesus is a friend in need.

3 When he lived on earth ill-treated,  
Friend of sinners was his name;  
Now, above all glory seated,  
He rejoices in the same :  
Still he calls them brethren, friends.  
And to all their wants attends.

4 O, for grace, our hearts to soften!  
Teach us, Lord, like him to love!  
We, alas, forget too often  
What a Friend we have above;  
But, when home our souls are bro  
We will love thee as we ought.

P. M. ANONY

24.

Free Grace.

1 THE voice of Free Grace  
Cries, escape to the mountain  
For Adam's lost race  
Christ hath opened a fountain  
For sin and transgression  
And every pollution  
His blood flows most sweet!  
In streams of ablution.

at fountain so clear,  
 In which all may find pardon,  
 From Jesus's side  
 Flows plenteous redemption :  
 Though your sins were increased  
 As high as a mountain,  
 His blood it flows freely:  
 O come to this fountain.

3 O, Jesus, ride on,  
 Thy kingdom is glorious,  
 Over sin, death and hell,  
 Thou wilt make us victorious;  
 Thy name shall be prais'd  
 In the great congregation,  
 And saints shall delight  
 In ascribing salvation.

4 When on Zion we stand,  
 Having gain'd the blest shore,  
 With our harps in our hands  
 We will praise him evermore;  
 We'll range the blest fields  
 On the banks of the river,  
 And sing hallelujahs  
 For ever and ever.

5. 8s & 7s M. \*ANONYMOUS.  
*Prayer.*

*Let thy kingdom, blessed Saviour,  
 Come, and bid our jarrings cease;*

Hear the people mourn and weep,  
Day and night thy lambs are crying,  
Come, good Shepherd, feed thy sheep

2 Some for Paul, some for Apollos,  
Some for Cephas—few agree;  
Jesus, let us hear thee call us,  
Help us, Lord, to follow thee.  
Then we'll rush through what encumber  
Over every hindrance leap,  
Undismay'd by force or numbers;  
Come, good Shepherd, feed thy sheep

3 Lord, in us there is no merit,  
We've been sinners from our youth,  
Guide us, Lord, by thy good spirit,  
Which shall teach us all the truth.  
On the Gospel word we'll venture,  
Till in death's cold arms we sleep,  
Love our Lord and Christ our Saviour;  
O, good Shepherd, feed thy sheep.

4 Come, O Lord, with courage arm us,  
Persecution rages here,  
Nothing, Lord, we know can harm us  
While our Shepherd is so near;  
*Glory, glory be to Jesus,*  
*At his name our hearts do leap:*

Saying, Fear not, little flock;  
I, myself, am your foundation,  
You are built upon this rock.  
Shun the path of vice and folly,  
Scale the mount, although it's steep,  
Look to me, and be ye holy,  
I delight to feed my sheep.

6 Christ alone, whose merit saves us,  
Taught by him we'll own his name;  
Sweetest of all names is Jesus,  
How it doth our souls inflame:  
Glory, glory, glory, glory,  
Give him glory; he will keep,  
He will clear your way before you;  
The good Shepherd feeds his sheep.

6.

P M

In springs of water may abound,  
A fruitful soil become!  
The desert blossoms as the rose,  
When Jesus conquers all his foes,  
And makes his people one.

3 The glorious time is rolling on,  
The gracious work is now begun,  
My soul a witness is;  
I taste and see the pardon free  
For all mankind as well as me;  
We come to Christ and live.

4 Come, brethren, ye who love the Lord,  
And taste the sweetness of his word,  
In Jesus's ways go on;  
Our troubles and our trials here  
Will only make us richer there,  
When we arrive at home.

5 We feel that heaven is now begun,  
It issues from the shining throne  
Of Jesus Christ on high;  
It comes like floods we can't contain,  
We drink, and drink, and drink again,  
And yet for more we cry.

6 But when we come to reign above,  
And all surround the throne of love,  
We'll drink a full supply;  
*Jesus will lead his armies through*  
*To living fountains where they flow*  
*Which never will run dry.*

Here we shall reign, and shout, and sing,  
 And make the heavenly regions ring,  
 When all mankind get home;  
 Come on, come on, my brethren dear,  
 Soon shall we meet together there,  
 For Jesus bids us come.

8 Amen, amen, my soul replies,  
 I'm bound to meet you in the skies,  
 And claim my mansion there:  
 Now here's my heart, and here's my hand,  
 To meet you in that heavenly land,  
 Where we shall part no more.

## 27.

P. M.

ANONYMOUS.

*Emerald Gates.*

1 BURST, ye em'rald gates, and bring  
 To my raptured vision,  
 All the extatic joys that spring  
 Round the bright elysian;  
 Lo ! we lift our longing eyes—  
 Break, ye intervening skies,  
 Son of Righteousness, arise,  
 Ope the gates of paradise.

2 Floods of everlasting light  
 Freely flash before him:  
 Myriads, with supreme delight,  
 Instantly adore him;  
 Angelic trumps resound his fame.

3 Four and twenty elders rise  
From their princely station;  
Shout his glorious victories,  
Sing the great salvation;  
Cast their crowns before his throne,  
Cry in reverential tone,  
"Glory be to God alone,  
Holy, holy, holy One."

4 Hark! the thrilling symphonies  
Seem, methinks, to seize us—  
Join we too the holy lays—  
Jesus—Jesus—Jesus!  
Sweetest sound in seraph's song!  
Sweetest note on mortal's tongue!  
Sweetest carol ever sung!  
Jesus—Jesus—flow along.

## 28. P. M. ANONYMOUS

*Trust in Christ.*

1 COME, and taste along with me  
The weary pilgrim's consolation;  
Boundless mercy full and free,  
The earnest of complete salvation  
*Joy and peace in Christ I find;*  
*My heart to him is all resigned;*

The fulness of his pow'r I prove,  
And all my soul's dissolved in love.

Jesus is the pilgrim's portion;  
Love is boundless as the ocean.

**2** When the world and flesh would rise,  
And try to drive me from my Saviour,  
Strangers slight and friends despise;  
I then more highly prize his favor.  
Friends, believe me, when I tell,  
When Christ is present all is well:  
The world and flesh in vain may rise;  
I all their efforts do despise.  
In the world I've tribulation,  
But in Christ sweet consolation.

**29.**

L. M.

\*ANONYMOUS.

*The same.*

**1** BRETHREN, see my Jesus coming,  
See him come in yonder cloud,  
With ten thousand angels round him:  
How they do my Jesus crowd.

**2** I'll arise and go and meet him,  
He'll embrace me in his arms;  
In the arms of my dear Jesus,  
O there is ten thousand charms.

**3** Death shall not destroy my comfort,  
Christ shall guard me through the gloom;  
Down he'll send some heavenly consort  
To convey my spirit home.

4 Jordan's stream shall ne'er o'erflow  
While my Saviour's by my side;  
Canaan, Canaan lies before me—  
Soon I'll cross the swelling tide.

5 See the happy spirits waiting  
On the banks beyond the stream,  
Sweet responses still repeating,  
Jesus, Jesus, is their theme.

6 See they whisper! hark! they call me  
"Sister spirit, come away!"  
Lo, I come! earth can't retain me:  
Hail, ye realms of endless day!

**30.**                   7s M.           ANONYM

*Christian Courage.*

1 BRETHREN, while we sojourn here,  
Fight we must, but should not fear  
Foes we have, but we've a friend,  
One that loves us to the end;  
Forward, then, with courage go,  
Long we shall not dwell below;  
Soon the joyful news will come,  
Child, your Father calls—come home.

2 In the world a thousand snares  
*Lies, to take us unawares;*  
*Satan, with malicious art,*  
*Watches each unguarded heart;*  
44

From Satan's malice free,  
We shall soon victorious be;  
Then the joyful news will come,  
Child, your Father calls—come home.

Out of all the foes we meet,  
None so apt to turn our feet,  
None betray us into sin,  
As the foes we have within;  
Yet let nothing spoil your peace,  
Christ will also conquer these;  
Then the joyful news will come,  
Child, your Father calls—come home.

**31.** 11s M. ANONYMOUS.

*Firm Foundation.*

1 How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,  
Is laid for your faith in his excellent word;  
What more can he say than to you he hath said,  
You who unto Jesus for refuge have fled?

2 In every condition, in sickness and health,  
In poverty's vale, or abounding in wealth;  
At home or abroad, on the land, or the sea,  
"As thy days may demand shall thy strength  
ever be.

3 "Fear not, I am with thee; Oh be not dis-  
may'd!

I, I am thy God, and will still give thee aid;  
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee  
to stand.

to go,

The rivers of woe shall not thee overflow;—  
For I will be with thee thy troubles to bless,  
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

5 "When through fiery trials thy pathway  
shall lie,

My grace all sufficient shall be thy supply;  
The flame shall not hurt thee; I only design  
Thy dross to consume and thy gold to refine.

6 "Even down to old age, all my people shall  
prove

My sov'reign, eternal, unchangeable love;  
And when hoary hairs shall their temples  
adorn, [borne.

Like lambs they shall still on my bosom be

7 "The soul that on Jesus doth lean for repose,  
*I will not, I will not* desert to his foes;  
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to  
shake,

*I'll never, no never, no never forsake.*"

## 32.

P. M. ANONYM

*The Pilgrim.*

1 *WHITHER* goest thou, pilgrim  
*Wandering through this lonely*

ES OF PRAISE-MEETINGS.

hou not 'tis full of danger?  
ll not thy courage fail?

CHORUS.

I'm bound for the kingdom,  
Will you go to glory with me?  
Hallelujah, O hallelujah,  
I'm bound for the kingdom,  
you go to glory with me?  
Hallelujah, O hallelujah.

Thou hast justly call'd me,  
sing through a waste so wide,  
o harm will e'er beset me,  
ile I'm bless'd with such a guide.  
For I'm bound for the kingdom, &c.  
a guide! no guide attends thee!  
ence for thee my fears arise:  
ome guardian power befriend thee,  
Tis unseen by mortal eyes!

O, I'm bound for the kingdom, &c.  
s, unseen, but still, believe me,  
Such a guide my steps attend;  
I'll in every strait relieve me,  
He will guide me to the end.

For I'm bound for the kingdom, &c.

Pilgrim, see that stream before thee,  
Darkly winding through the vale;

Should its deadly waves roll o'er thee,  
Would not then thy courage fail?

No, I'm bound for the kingdom, &c.

33 HYMNS TO BE SUNG DURING THE

6 No, that stream has nothing frightful,  
To its brink my steps I'll bend,  
Thence to plunge 'twill be delightful,  
There my pilgrimage will end.  
For I'm bound for the kingdom,

7 While I gaz'd, with speed surprising,  
Down the stream she plung'd from a  
Gazing still, I saw her rising,  
Like an angel clothed with light.  
O, I'm bound for the kingdom, &

8 Cease, my heart, this mournful crying  
Death will burst this sullen gloom;  
Soon my spirit, fluttering, flying,  
Will be borne beyond the tomb.  
For I'm bound for the kingdom,

**33.**

C. M. WAT

*Universal Blessedness.*

1 Lo, what a glorious sight appears  
To our believing eyes!  
The earth and seas are passed away,  
And the old rolling skies.

2 From the third heaven, where God resi  
That holy, happy place,  
The New Jerusalem comes down,  
Adorned with shining grace.

3 Attending angels shout for joy,  
*And the bright seraphs sing,*

giving aid destitute,  
With severer woe ;  
Rebuked, denied, or fled,  
Who shared his daily bread.

Sad thoughts within me rise,  
I dismayed, my spirit dies ;  
Who did vouchsafe to bear  
My anguish of despair,  
Solely soothe, shall gently dry.  
Sobbing heart, the streaming eye.

Mourning e'er some stone I bend,  
Covers a departed friend ;  
In his voice, his hand, his smile,  
I me for a little while ;  
Saviour, mark'st the tears I shed,  
You didst weep o'er Lazarus dead.

When I have safely passed

## AND RESIGNATION

ear for souls distressed,  
every wounded breast—  
and alone in heaven.

ome for weary souls,  
and sorrow driven ;  
is arise, and ocean rolls,  
ach rising fear controls  
; serene in heaven.

lifts up the tearless eye,  
art with anguish riven ;  
tempest passing by,  
; shadows quickly fly,  
serene—in heaven.

int flowers immortal bloom,  
,s supreme are given ;  
divine disperse the gloom,  
dark and narrow tomb,  
; the dawn of heaven.

C. M.

\*FRY.

## *Immortality.*

he is a lone place of rest,  
believers teach,  
ief can never win a tear,  
tow ever reach.

hat shed the tear is clo  
aving breast is cold ;  
which suffered and er  
ow grave can hold.

a mouldering earth and hungry worm  
 The dust they lent may claim ;  
 But the enduring spirit lives  
 Eternally the same.

**40.** Irregular M. ANONYMOUS.

*“ I would not live alway.”*

- 1 I WOULD not live alway : I ask not to stay  
 Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the  
 way ;  
 The few lurid mornings that dawn on us here  
 Are enough for life's woes, full enough for  
 its cheer.
- 2 I would not live alway, thus fettered by sin ;  
 Temptation without, and corruption within :  
 E'en the rapture of pardon is mingled with  
 fears,  
 And the cup of thanksgiving with penitent  
 tears.
- 3 I would not live alway ; no—welcome the  
 tomb ;  
 Since Jesus hath lain there, I dread not its  
 gloom ;  
 There sweet be my rest, till he bid me arise  
 To hail him in triumph descending the skies.
- 4 Who, who would live alway, away from  
 his God,  
 Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode !

Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the  
bright plains,  
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns;

5 Where the saints of all ages in harmony  
meet,  
Their Saviour and brethren transported to  
greet;  
While the anthems of rapture unceasingly  
roll,  
And the smile of the Lord is the life of the  
soul.

**91.** 10s & 11s M. ANONYMOUS.

*Consolation.*

1 COME, ye disconsolate, where'er you lan-  
guish,  
Come, at the shrine of God fervently  
kneel;  
Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell  
your anguish,  
Earth has no sorrow that heav'n cannot  
heal.

2 Joy of the comfortless, light of the stray;  
Hope, when all others die, fadeler  
pure;  
Here speaks the Comforter, in merc-  
Earth has no sorrow that h-

—  
In all our hopes and all our fears  
Were prisoned in life's narrow bound ;  
If,—travellers through this vale of tears,—  
We saw no better world beyond ;  
O, who could check the rising sigh,  
What earthly thing could pleasure give ?  
'O, who could venture then to die ?  
Or, who could venture then to live ?

2 Were life a dark and desert moor,  
Where mist and clouds eternal spread  
Their gloomy veil behind, before,  
And tempests thunder overhead ;  
Where not a sunbeam breaks the gloom,  
And not a floweret smiles beneath,—  
Who could exist in such a tomb ?  
Who, dwell in darkness and in death ?

3 And such were life, without the ray  
Of our divine religion given ;  
'Tis this that makes our darkness day,—  
'Tis this that makes our earth a heaven.  
Bright is the golden sun above,  
And beautiful the flowers that bloom,  
And all is joy, and all is love,  
Reflected from the world to come.

## 93.

1 THERE is a world to come.  
 That wasting time can ne'er seen,  
 Where mortal footstep hath not been,  
 Nor ear hath caught its sounds of joy.

2 That world to come ! and O how blest !—  
 Fairer than prophets ever told !  
 And never did an angel-guest  
 One half its blessedness unfold.

3 It is all holy and serene,—  
 The land of glory and repose ;  
 And there, to dim the radiant scenes,  
 No tear of sorrow ever flows.

4 It is not fanned by summer gale ;  
 'Tis not refreshed by vernal showers ;  
 It never needs the moonbeam pale,  
 For there are known no evening hours.

5 No,—for this world is ever bright  
 With a pure radiance all its own ;  
 The streams of uncreated light  
 Flow round it from th' eternal Throne.

6 There forms, unseen by mortal eye,  
 Too glorious for our sight to see,  
 Are walking with their God on hi—  
 And waiting our arrival there.

*Sweet*

*His world with  
dear,  
Now shining in be  
But a moment th  
eye,  
Like meteors of :  
Home—home  
There's no pl*

**2** *The' pleasures :  
glow ;  
In the frost of t  
grow ;  
And homes that  
And fond ones  
tomb :  
Home—hom  
There's no p*



3 Beyond  
And all the  
They're but the poor  
And paintings on thy wan-

4 Vain world, farewell to you ;  
Heaven is my native air :  
I bid my friends a short adieu,  
Impatient to be there.

5 I feel my powers releast  
From their old fleshly clod ;  
Fair Guardian, bear me up in haste  
And set me near my God.

L. M. ANONYMOUS.

*d I Wings.*

Wings like yonder bird,  
A above its downy nest,  
I, unseen, unheard,  
might be for aye at rest.

I seek those fragrant bowers  
I loom beneath a cloudless sky,  
I rest amidst those flowers  
deck the groves of Araby.

But not to scenes below,  
A ripe with every promised bliss,  
I's the world? a garnished show—  
Orated wilderness.

Would fly and be at rest  
Far beyond each glittering sphere  
Wings upon the azure breast  
All we know of heaven here.

Where I'd rest amidst the joys  
Which angel lips alone can tell;  
The blooms the bowers of paradise—  
Where songs in sweetest transports swell.

Where would I rest, beneath that throne,  
Those glorious circle gilds the sky;  
Where sits Jehovah, who alone  
Can wipe the mourner's weeping eye.

## BREVITY AND UNCERTAINTY OF HUMAN LIFE.

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**97.**

**7s M.**

**NEWTO**

*New Year's Day.*

- 1 WHILE, with ceaseless course, the sun  
    Hasted through the former year,  
Many souls their race have run,  
    Never more to meet us here :  
Fixed in an eternal state,  
    They have done with all below ;  
We a little longer wait—  
    But how little, none can know.
- 2 As the winged arrow flies  
    Speedily the mark to find ;  
As the lightning from the skies  
    Darts, and leaves no trace behind ;  
Swiftly thus our fleeting days  
    Bear us down life's rapid stream :  
Lord, our expectations raise—  
    All below is but a dream.
- 3 *Thanks for mercies past receive—*

—  
word to young and old—  
broad a Saviour's love;  
when life's short tale is told,  
y we dwell with thee above.

L. M.

MOORE.

*Emblem of Man.*

—, how beneath the moonbeams' smile  
One little billow heaves its breast,  
And foams and sparkles for a while,  
And murmuring then subsides to rest.

Thus man, the sport of bliss and care,  
Rises on time's eventful sea;  
And having swelled a moment there,  
Thus melts into eternity!

WESLEY.

**CERTAINTY**

is waste,  
ties die away.

In face divine,  
ride of beauty shows,  
the colors shine,  
in the virgin rose.

In rolling years,  
kness in a day,  
disappears,  
In beauties die away.

Rising from the tomb,  
brighter far shall shine,  
or during bloom,  
seases and decline.

last, let death devour,  
but recompense our pain  
ass, and fade the flower  
no word of God remains!

**L. M. 81.**

*Time.*

seeds away—away—awa  
hour—another day—  
month—another year—  
in us like the leaflets se  
e the life-blood from or  
-bloom from the chee'

ses from the temples fall,  
e grows dim and strange to all.  
speeds away—away—away :  
, torrent in a stormy day,  
undermines the stately tower,  
proots the tree, and snaps the flower;  
And sweeps from our distracted breast  
The friends that loved—the friends that  
blessed;  
And leaves us weeping on the shore,  
'To which they can return no more.

3 Time speeds away—away—away :  
No eagle through the skies of day,  
No wind along the hills can flee  
—ifly or so smooth as he.

stage to stage

102 BREVITY AND UNCERTAINTY

Hear the lesson we are reading;  
Mark the awful truth we tell :—

3 "Youth on length of days presuming,  
Who the paths of pleasure tread,  
View us, late in beauty blooming,  
Numbered now among the dead!

4 "What though yet no losses grieve ye  
Gay with health and many a grace!  
Let not cloudless skies deceive you;  
Summer gives to autumn place.

5 "Yearly in our course returning,  
Messengers of shortest stay,  
Thus we preach this truth concerning  
Heaven and earth shall pass away.

6 On the tree of life eternal,  
O let all our hopes be laid!  
This alone, for ever vernal,  
Bears a leaf that shall not fade.

102. 8s & 7s M. D

*A Mother's Grief.*

1 To mark the sufferings of the babe  
That cannot speak its woe;  
To see the infant tears gush forth,  
Yet know not why they flow;  
*To meet the meek, uplifted eye,*  
*That faint would ask relief,*

OF HUMAN LIFE.

an but tell of agony,—  
his is a mother's grief!

hrough dreary days, and darker nights,  
To trace the march of death;  
To hear the faint and frequent sigh,  
The quick and shortened breath;  
To watch the last dread strife draw near,  
And pray that struggle brief,  
Though all is ended with its close,—  
This is a mother's grief!

3 To see, in one short hour, decayed  
The hope of future years;  
To feel how vain a father's prayers,  
How vain a mother's tears;  
To think the cold grave now must close  
O'er what was once the chief  
Of all the treasured joys of earth,—  
This is a mother's grief!

4 Yet when the first wild throb is past,  
Of anguish and despair,  
To lift the eye of faith to heaven,  
And think, "My child is there;"  
This best can dry the gushing tears,  
This yields the heart relief;  
Until the Christian's pious hope  
O'ercomes a mother's grief!

103. 7s & 6s M. Miss S. B. Wi  
"Ask not a Smile."

1 Ask not the smile of gladness  
That lighted other years,  
The heart's unceasing sadness  
Hath drowned its hopes in tears  
And smiles may strive in brightness  
To wreath the burning brow ;  
The frost of grief sweeps o'er them  
They droop and die there now.

2 Cold, cold the heart once joyous  
And dull and cold the eye,—  
The light of life's departed  
From earth, to yon fair sky,  
And there 'tis burning brightly,  
Undim'd through ceaseless time  
Nor on those blissful shores  
Shall echo sorrow's chime.

3 Then ask me not thus lightly  
To sip of idle mirth,  
For more enduring pleasures  
Of high and holy birth  
Thick cluster round the pathway  
Lethe for earth's unrest,  
The cup of crystal waters  
From fountains of the blest.

✓  
A summer sun shines but dim,  
✓ fields strive in vain to look gay ;  
when I am happy in him,  
December's as pleasant as May.

His name yields the richest perfume,  
And sweeter than music his voice ;  
His presence disperses my gloom,  
And makes all within me rejoice :  
I should, were he always thus nigh,  
Have nothing to wish or to fear,  
No mortal so happy as I,  
My summer would last all the year.

3 Content with beholding his face,  
My all to his<sup>7</sup> pleasure resign'd ;  
No changes of season or place  
Would make any change in my mind :  
While bless'd with a sense of his love,  
A palace a toy would appear :  
And prisons would palaces prove,  
If Jesus would dwell with me there.

4 Dear Lord, if indeed I am thine,  
If thou art my sun and my song,  
Say why do I languish and pine ?  
And why are my winters so long ?  
O drive these dark clouds from my sky,  
Thy soul-cheering presence restore :  
Or take me to thee up on high,  
Where winter and clouds are no more.

MNS TO BE SUNG DURING THE

8s & 7s M. ANONYMOUS.

*The Same.*

ME, thou Fount of every blessing,  
Tune my heart to sing thy grace:  
Aims of mercy never ceasing,  
All for songs of loudest praise :  
Teach me some melodious sonnet,  
Tung by flaming tongues above ;  
Ascend the mount—I'm fix'd upon it :  
Tount of thy redeeming love !

Then I'll raise mine Ebenezer,  
Neither by thy help I come ;  
I hope, by thy good pleasure,  
Safely to arrive at home.  
Is sought me when a stranger,  
Wand'ring from the fold of God ;  
To rescue me from danger,  
Interpos'd his precious blood !

To grace how great a debtor  
Daily I'm constrain'd to be !  
Thy goodness, like a fetter,  
Bind my wand'ring heart to thee :  
Ne to wander, Lord, I feel it ;  
None to leave the God I love—  
He's my heart, O take and seal  
Me in thy courts above !

...  
rapturous songs make him known,  
Tune, tune your soft harps to his pra  
He form'd you the spirits you are,  
So happy, so noble, so good ;  
When others sunk down in despair,  
Confirm'd by his power, ye stood.

**2** Ye saints, who stand nearer than they,  
And cast your bright crowns at his fe  
His grace and his glory display,  
And all his rich mercy repeat :  
He snatch'd you from death and the grave.  
He ransom'd from doubt and despair  
For you he was mighty to save,  
Almighty to bring you safe there.

**3** Oh, when will the period appear,  
When I shall unite in your song ?  
I'm weary of lingering here.  
And v.

53 HYMNS TO BE SUNG DURING THE

And tune my sweet harp to his name  
I want—Oh, I want to be there,  
Where sorrow and sin bid adieu—  
Your joy and your friendship to share  
To wonder, and worship with you

**53.** P. M. ANONYMOUS

*Gospel Trumpet.*

- 1 **B**LOW ye the trumpet, blow,  
The gladly solemn sound ;  
Let all the nations know,  
To earth's remotest bound ;  
The year of Jubilee is come ;  
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home
- 2 **J**ESUS, our great High Priest,  
Hath full atonement made :  
Ye weary spirits, rest,  
Ye mournful souls, be glad ;  
The year of Jubilee is come ;  
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home
- 3 **E**XTOL the Lamb of God,  
The all-conquering Lamb ;  
Redemption in his blood  
Throughout the world proclaim,  
The year of Jubilee is come ;  
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home
- 4 **Y**E who have sold for nought  
*Your heritage above,*  
*Shall have it back unbought*

The gift of Jesus's love ;  
The year of Jubilee is come ;  
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

3 The Gospel trumpet hear,  
The news of heavenly grace ;  
And, sav'd from earth, appear  
Before your Saviour's face ;  
The year of Jubilee is come ;  
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

**54.** C. M. \*ANONYMOUS.

*Grief at the Saviour's Death.*

- 1 ALAS ! and did my Saviour bleed ?  
And did my Sovereign die ?  
Would he devote that sacred head  
For such a worm as I ?
- 2 Was it for crimes that I have done,  
He groan'd upon the tree ?  
Amazing pity ! grace unknown !  
And love beyond degree !
- 3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,  
And shut his glories in ;  
When Christ the mighty Saviour died,  
For man the creature's sin !
- 4 Thus might I hide my blushing face,  
While his dear cross appears ;  
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,  
And melt mine eyes to tears.

DURING THE

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\*WATTS.

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• C. M. ANONYMOUS

*Joys of Religion.*

- 1 O HAPPY is the man, who hears  
Instruction's faithful voice ;  
And who celestial wisdom makes  
His early, only choice.
- 2 Her treasures are of more esteem  
Than east or west unfold ;  
And her rewards more precious are  
Than all their mines of gold.
- 3 She guides the young with innocence  
In pleasure's path to tread ;  
A crown of glory she bestows  
Upon the hoary head.
- 4 According as her labors rise,

55 HYMNS TO BE SUNG DURING THE

5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay  
The debt of love I owe :  
Here, Lord, I give myself away,  
'Tis all that I can do.

**55.**

S. M.

\*WATTS.

*Heavenly Joy.*

1 COME, ye that love the Lord,  
And let your joys be known ;  
Join in a song with sweet accord,  
And thus surround the throne.

2 The sorrows of the mind  
Be banished from the place !  
Religion never was designed  
To make our pleasures less.

3 Yes, now, before we rise  
To the immortal state,  
The thoughts of that amazing bliss  
Should constant joys create.

4 The men of grace have found  
Glory begun below ;  
Celestial fruits on earthly ground  
From faith and hope may grow.

5 The hill of Sion yields  
*A thousand sacred sweets,*  
*Before we reach the heavenly fields,*  
*Or walk the golden streets.*

Let our songs abound,  
And every tear be dry ;  
Marching through Immanuel's ground  
To fairer worlds on high.

5.

C. M. ANONYMOUS.

*Joys of Religion.*

- 1 O HAPPY is the man, who hears  
Instruction's faithful voice ;  
And who celestial wisdom makes  
His early, only choice.
- 2 Her treasures are of more esteem  
Than east or west unfold ;  
And her rewards more precious are  
Than all their mines of gold.
- 3 She guides the young with innocence  
In pleasure's path to tread ;  
A crown of glory she bestows  
Upon the hoary head.
- 4 According as her labors rise,  
So her rewards increase ;  
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,  
And all her paths are peace.

57.

P. M. ANONYMOUS.

*Rejoicing.*

- 1 OH how happy are they,  
Who the Saviour obey,

2 That sweet comfort was mine,  
When the favor divine  
I first found in the blood of the Lamb ;  
When at first I believ'd,  
What a joy I receiv'd,  
What a heaven in Jesus's name !

3 'Twas a heaven below,  
My Redeemer to know :  
And the angels could do nothing more,  
Than to fall at his feet,  
And the story repeat,  
And the lover of sinners adore.

4 Jesus all the day long,  
Was my joy and my song ;  
O that all his salvation might see ;  
He hath lov'd me, I cry'd,  
He hath suffer'd and di'd

then rode on the sky,  
Freely justify'd I  
Nor did envy Elijah his seat ;  
My glad soul mounted higher,  
In a chariot of fire,  
And the world it was under my feet.

7 O ! the rapturous height  
Of that holy delight,  
Which I felt in the life-giving blood !  
Of my Saviour possest,  
I was perfectly blest,  
And was fill'd with the fulness of God.

**58.**            **H. M.**            **\*ANONYMOUS.**

1 Arise, my soul, arise,  
Shake off thy guilty fears,  
The bleeding Sacrifice  
In my behalf appears ;  
Before the throne my Surety stands,  
My name is written on his hands.

2 He ever lives above,  
For me to intercede ;  
His all-redeeming love,  
His precious blood to plead ;  
His blood atoned for all our race,  
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.

3 Five bleeding wounds he bears,  
Received on Calvary ;

HYMNS TO BE SUNG DURING THE

They pour effectual prayers,  
They strongly speak for me :  
forgive him, O forgive, they cry,  
Nor let that ransomed sinner die ?

4 The Father hears him pray,  
His dear anointed One :  
He cannot turn away  
The presence of his Son :  
His Spirit answers to the blood,  
And tells me I am born of God.

5 To God I'm reconciled,  
His pardoning voice I hear :  
He owns me for his child,  
I can no longer fear ;  
With confidence I now draw nigh,  
And Father, Abba, Father, cry.

59. 7s & 6s M. ANONYMO'

Longing for Heaven.

1 O WHEN shall I see Jesus,  
And reign with him above ;  
And from that flowing fountain  
Drink everlasting love ?  
When shall I be deliver'd  
From this vain world of sin,  
And with my blessed Jesus  
Drink endless pleasures

2 O when the last loud trumpet  
Shall rend the vaulted skies,  
And bid the entomb'd millions  
From their cold beds arise,  
Our ransom'd dust revived,  
Bright beauties shall put on,  
And soar to the blest mansion  
Where our Redeemer's gone.

3 Our eyes shall then with rapture  
The Saviour's face behold!  
Our feet, no more diverted,  
Shall walk the streets of gold!  
Our ears shall hear with transport  
The hosts celestial sing!  
Our tongues shall chant the glory  
Of our immortal King!

**60.** C. M. ANONYMOUS.

*Christ's Example of Love to Enemies.*

- 1 ALOUD we sing the wondrous grace  
Christ to his foes did bear ;  
Which made the torturing cross its throne  
And hung its trophies there.
- 2 'Father, forgive!' his mercy cried,  
With his expiring breath,  
And drew eternal blessings down  
On those who wrought his death.
- 3 Jesus, this wondrous love we sing,  
And, whilst we sing, admire ;

wayed by thy dies. —  
For enemies will pray ;  
With love, their hatred—and their curse  
With blessings, will repay.

**I.**                   **C. M.**           **ANONYMOUS.**

*Retirement.*

- 1 I ~~LOVE~~ to steal awhile away  
From every cumbering care,  
And spend the hours of setting day  
In humble, grateful prayer.
- 2 I love in solitude to shed  
The penitential tear,  
And all his promises to plead,  
Where none but God can hear.
- 3 I love to think on mercies past,  
And future good implore,  
... care and sorrows cast

HYMNS FOR THE CLOSE OF PRAISE  
MEETINGS.

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**62.**

8s M.

ANONYMOUS.

*Union.*

- 1 From whence doth this Union arise,  
That hatred is conquer'd by love ;  
It fastens our souls in such ties,  
That nature and time can't remove.
- 2 It cannot in Eden be found,  
Nor yet in a paradise lost ;  
It grows on Immanuel's ground  
And Jesus's dear blood it did cost.
- 3 My friends are so dear unto me,  
Our hearts all united in love :  
Where Jesus is gone we shall be,  
In yonder blest mansions above.
- 4 O why, then, so loth now to part,  
Since we shall ere long meet again ;  
Engrav'd on Immanuel's heart,  
At distance we cannot remain.

RAISE MEETINGS.

ee that bright day,  
angels above,  
in'd to our clay,  
'd in the ocean of love ;  
our Jesus we'll reign,  
s bright glory shall see,  
allelujahs, amen,  
ven so let it be.

7s M. ANONYMOUS.

Parting.

W shall we all meet again ?  
I shall we all meet again ?  
nay glowing hope expire ;  
may wearied love retire ;  
may death and sorrow reign ,  
, we all shall meet again .  
ough in distant lands we sigh ,  
arched beneath a burning sky ;  
'bough the deep between us rolls .  
Friendship shall unite our souls :  
And in fancy's wide domain ,  
Oft may we all meet again .  
When these burnished locks are  
Thinned by many a toil-spent day  
When around this youthful pin  
Moss shall creep , and ivy twin  
Long may this loved bow'r re-  
Ere we all shall meet again .

When the dreams of life are fled :  
 When its wasting lamps are dead ;  
 When in cold oblivion's shade,  
 Beauty, wealth, and fame are laid :  
 Where immortal spirits reign,  
 There may we all meet again.

**64.** 8s & 7s M. ANONYMOUS.

*Parting Blessing.*

- 1 JESUS, grant us all a blessing,  
     Send it down, Lord, from above;  
     May we all return home praying,  
     And rejoicing in thy love :  
     Farewell, brethren ;—farewell, sisters,  
     Till we all shall meet again.
- 2 Jesus, pardon all our follies,  
     Since together we have been,  
     Make us humble, make us holy,  
     Cleanse us all from every sin :  
     Farewell, brethren ; farewell, sisters,  
     Till we all shall meet above.
- 3 May thy blessing, Lord, go with us  
     To each one's respective home ;  
     And the presence of our Jesus  
     Rest upon us evermore :  
     Farewell, brethren ; farewell, sisters,  
     Till we all shall meet at home.

4 And when we early rise,  
And view the unclouded sun,  
May we set out to win the prize,  
And after glory run.

5 And when our days are past,  
And we from time remove,  
O! may we in thy bosom rest—  
The bosom of thy love!

**66.** 8s, 8s & 6s M. B. BART  
*Farewell.*

1 NAT, shrink not from the word 'f  
*As if 'twere friendship's final kn  
Such fears may prove but vai  
80*

changeful is life's fleeting day,  
 /hene'er we sever—hope may say  
 ‘We part to meet again !’

4 Even the last parting earth can knew,  
 Brings not unutterable woe,  
 To souls that heavenward soar ;  
 For humble faith, with steadfast eye,  
 Points to a brighter world on high,  
 Where hearts that here at parting sigh,  
 May meet—to part no more.

**67.** C. M. ANONYMOUS.

*Omnipotence.*

1 JEHOVAH God! thy gracious power  
 On every hand we see ;  
 O may the blessings of each hour  
 Lead all our thoughts to thee.

2 If, on the wings of morn, we speed  
 To earth's remotest bound,  
 Thy right hand will our footsteps lead,  
 Thine arm thy path surround.

3 Thy power is in the oceans deep,  
 And reaches to the skies ;  
 Thine eye of mercy never sleeps,  
 Thy goodness never dies.

4 From morn till noon, till latest eve,  
 The hand of God we see!

68, 69 CLOSE OF PRAISE-MEETINGS.

And all the blessings we receive,  
Ceaseless, proceed from thee.

5 In all the varying scenes of time,  
On thee our hopes depend ;  
In every age, in every clime,  
Our Father and our Friend.

68. C. M. ANONYMOUS.

*Faith, Hope and Love.*

1 FAITH, hope and love, now dwell on earth,  
And earth by them is blest ;  
But faith and hope must yield to love,  
Of all the graces best.

2 Hope shall to full fruition rise,  
And faith be sight above :  
These are the means, but this the end ;  
For saints forever love.

69. L. M. 6 l. ANONYMOUS.

1 THE day is past, and toils and cares  
Are ended with the setting sun ;  
And now, O Lord, our grateful prayers  
We bring to thee, thou blessed One.  
To thee we come with hearts sincere,  
And worship at thine altar here.

2 *Thine, Father, thine is all the day*  
*Its morning smiles, its noon-tide*  
*Its closing beauties which del*

The coming of the glorious night :  
 All, all is thine : in tenderness,  
 Thy mercies all thy children bless.

4 We come to thank thee for thy care ;  
 Thy goodness over us hath cast  
 A sure defence from every snare,  
 And dangers, of the day now past.  
 We bless thee for thy favors given,  
 For all the promises of heaven.

4 Father, we ask thy blessing still—  
 Preserve us through the shades of night,  
 And bring us, if it be thy will,  
 To share in joy to-morrow's light.  
 We know, while stars their vigils keep,  
 That Thou, O Lord, wilt never sleep.

70.

7s M.

\*ANONYMOUS.

*Parting.*

1 For a season call'd to part,  
 Let us now ourselves commend,  
 To the gracious eye and heart  
 Of our everlasting Friend.

2 Jesus hear our humble prayer !  
 Faithful Shepherd of thy sheep !  
 Let thy mercy and thy care,  
 All our souls in safety keep.

3 In thy strength may we be strong,  
 Sweeter every cross and pain ;

Ebenezers shall be rear'd,  
And our souls shall praise the Lord,  
Who our frail petitions heard.

1.

L. M.

\*WATTS.

SWEET is the work, my God, my King,  
To praise thy name, give thanks, and sing;  
To show thy love by morning light;  
And talk of all thy truth at night.

2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest !  
No mortal cares shall seize my breast.  
O may my heart in tune be found,  
Like David's harp of solemn sound.

3 My heart shall triumph in the Lord,  
And bless his works, and bless his word  
Thy works of grace, how bright they shine  
The counsels, how divine !

Our joyful souls have met ;  
Here paid our solemn vows,  
And felt our union sweet.  
For this our tongues thy love proclaim  
And chant the honors of thy name.

3 Thy truth, like ointment shed,  
Hath breathed a choice perfume  
Thy light, divinely spread,  
Hath broke the darksome gloom  
For this our tongues thy love proclaim  
And chant the honors of thy name.

4 Now may we dwell in peace  
Till here again we come ;  
And may our love increase

1 And r  
Our praises, r  
And to thy word a v.

2 O grant that each of us,  
Now met before thee here,  
May meet together thus  
When thou and thine appear—  
And follow thee to heaven, our home:  
Even so, amen—Lord Jesus, come.

8s, 7s & 4s M. \*KELI

The Same.

74.

1 God of our salvation, hear us;  
Bless, O bless us, ere we go;  
When we join the world be near,  
Lest we cold and careless grow;  
Saviour, keep us—  
Keep us safe from every sor

86

*CLOSE OF PRAISE-MEETINGS.* 75, 76

*As our steps are drawing nearer  
To our everlasting home,  
May our view of heaven grow clearer,  
Hopes more bright of joys to come ;  
And when dying  
May thy presence cheer the gloom.*

75.

C. P. M. ANONYMOUS.

*Praise.*

*ALL glory to our God above,  
For all the tokens of his love,  
By all mankind be given ;  
Let every heart in praise ascend,  
And every note of rapture blend,  
With songs of joy in heaven.*

7.

7s & 8s M. ANONYMOUS.

*Dismission.*

*Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing,  
Bid us now depart in peace ;  
On heavenly manna feeding,  
Let our faith and love increase :  
Each breast with consolation ;  
To thee our hearts we raise :  
When we reach our blissful station,  
Then we'll give thee nobler praise.  
Hallelujah!*

P. M. \*Mon-

77.

1 Friends die but to live again.

FRIEND after friend departs ;  
Who hath not lost a friend ?

But there's a union here of hearts,  
That finds not here an end.

Were this frail world our only rest,  
Living or dying, none were blest.

2 Beyond the flight of time,

Beyond this vale of death,

There surely is some blessed clime,

Where life is not a breath,

Nor life's affections but a fire

Whose sparks fly upward to expire.

3 There is a world above,

Where parting is unknown, —

A whole eternity of love

And blessedness alone ;

To pure and perfect day.  
Nor sink those stars in empty night—  
They hide themselves in heaven's own light.

**78.**

L. M. BOWRING.

*An Aspiration.*

- 1 If 'twere but to retire from woe,  
    To undisturbed, eternal rest—  
    How passing sweet to sleep below,  
    On nature's fair and flowery breast!
- 2 But when faith's finger points on high,  
    From death's decaying, dismal cell ;  
    O, 'tis a privilege to die—  
    To dream of bliss ineffable!
- 3 In balmy sleep our eyes to close,  
    When life's last sunshine gilds our even;  
    And then to wake from long repose,  
    When dawns the glorious day of heaven!

**79.**

7s & 6s M. BOWRING.

*Immortality.*

- 1 In the dust I'm doomed to sleep,  
    But shall not sleep for ever ;

Fear may for a moment weep,  
 Christian courage—never.  
 Years in rapid course shall roll,  
 By time's chariot driven,  
 And my re-awakened soul  
 Wing its flight to heaven.

2 What though o'er my mortal tom  
 Clouds and mist be blending?  
 Sweetest hope shall chase the glo  
 Hopes to heaven ascending.  
 These shall be my stay, my trust  
 Ever bright and vernal;—  
 Life shall blossom out of dust,  
 Life and joy eternal.

**80.** C. M. H. K. W

*The Resurrection.*

1 **T**HROUGH sorrow's night, and di  
 path,  
 Amid the deepening gloom,  
 We soldiers of an injured King  
 Are marching to the tomb.

2 **T**here, when the turmoil is no m  
 And all our powers decay,  
 Our cold remains in solitude  
 Shall sleep the years away.

3 **O**ur labors done, securely laid  
 In this our last retreat,

H. K. WHIT

ton.

's night, and danger

ing gloom,  
injured King  
the tomb.

irmoil is no more.  
ers decay,  
solitude  
ears away.

curely laid  
*rest,*

With shouts of endless p

81.

C. M.

*Sweet Hope.*

- 1 'Tis sweet to rest in lively  
That when the change s  
Angels will hover round m  
And wast my spirit hom
- 2 There shall my dis-impriso  
Behold him and adore ;  
Be with his likeness satisfi  
And grieve and sin no n
- 3 If such the views which g  
Weak as it is below,

82, 83 HOPE AND RESIGNATION

What raptures must the saints above  
In Jesus's presence know ?

4 O may the unction of these truths  
Forever with me stay,  
Till from her sinful cage dismissed,  
My spirit flies away !

**82.** C. M. ANONYMO

*Death and Heaven.*

1 SWIFT as my fleeting days decline,  
The final hour draws nigh,  
When, from the busy scenes of time  
I must retire and die !

2 O ! may this solemn thought pervade  
And penetrate my soul !  
Govern my life through every stage  
And all my powers control !

3 Lord, draw thy image on my heart,  
And show my sins forgiven ;  
And all that holiness impart  
Which fits the soul for heaven !

4 Then welcome the kind hour of death  
That ends this painful strife !  
The hand that stops this mortal breath  
Will give eternal life !

**83.** 8s & 7s M. MOD

*Comfort in Affliction.*

1 Oh ! thou who dry'st the mourner's eye

IN PROSPECT OF DEATH.

How dark this world would be,  
If, when deceived and wounded here,  
We could not fly to thee !

2 The friends who in our sunshine live,  
When winter comes, are flown ;  
And he who has but tears to give,  
Must weep those tears alone ;

3 But thou wilt heal that broken heart,  
Which, like the plants that throw  
Their fragrance from the wounded part  
Breathes sweetness out of woe.

4 When joy no longer soothes or cheers  
And even the hope that threw  
A moment's sparkle o'er our tears,  
Is dimmed and vanished too !

5 Oh who would bear life's stormy doom  
Did not thy wing of love  
Come brightly wafting through the gloom  
One peace-branch from above !

6 Then sorrow touched by thee grows bitter  
With more than rapture's ray ;  
As darkness shows us worlds of light  
We never saw by day.

84. 13s & 11s M. HEE  
*Funeral Hymn.*

1 THOU art gone to the grave ! but we  
not deplore thee,

HOPE AND RESIGNAT

Though sorrows and darkne  
the tomb ;  
The Saviour has passed thro  
before thee,  
And the lamp of his love is  
the tomb.

2 Thou art gone to the grave !  
behold thee,  
Nor tread the rough paths of  
thy side,  
But the wide arms of mercy  
enfold thee,  
And sinners may hope sinc  
hath died.

3 Thou art gone to the grave !  
sion forsaking,  
Perchance thy weak spirit in  
ed long,  
But the sunshine of heaven !  
on thy waking,  
And the sound which thou  
the seraphim's song.

4 Thou art gone to the grave  
vain to deplore thee,  
When God was thy ransom,  
thy guide.  
He gave thee, he took thee  
restore thee,  
*And death hath no sting sin  
hath died.*

S.

C. M.

NOEL.

*Resignation.*

- 1 WHEN musing sorrow weeps the *past*,  
And mourns the *present* pain ;  
How sweet to think of *peace* at last,  
And feel that death is gain.
- 2 'Tis not that murmuring thoughts arise,  
And dread a Father's will ;  
'Tis not that meek submission flies,  
And would not suffer still.
- 3 It is that heaven-taught *faith* surveys  
The path to realms of light ;  
And longs her eagle plumes to raise,  
And lose herself in *sight*.
- 4 It is that *hope* with ardor glows,  
To see Him face to face,  
Whose dying love no language knows  
Sufficient art to trace.
- 5 It is that harassed *conscience* feels  
The pangs of struggling sin ;  
Sees, though afar, the hand that heals,  
And ends her war within.
- 6 Oh ! let me wing my hallowed flight,  
From earth-born woe and care ;  
And soar beyond these realms of *night*,  
My Saviour's bliss to share.

86, 87 HOPE AND RESIGNATION

**86.** L. M. BARBAULD.

- 1 SWEET is the scene when Christians die,  
When holy souls retire to rest ;  
How mildly beams the closing eye !  
How gently heaves the expiring breast !
- 2 So fades a summer-cloud away :  
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er :  
So gently shuts the eye of day ;  
So dies a wave along the shore.
- 3 Triumphant smiles the victor's brow,  
Fanned by some guardian angel's wing ;  
O grave ! where is thy victory now ?  
And where, insidious death, thy sting ?

**87.** L. M. 6l. \*GRANT.

*Comfort in Affliction.*

- 1 WHEN gathering clouds around I view,  
And days are dark and friends are few,  
On Him I lean, who not in vain  
Experienced every human pain.  
He sees my griefs, allays my fears,  
And counts and treasures up my tears.
- 2 If aught should tempt my soul to stray  
From heavenly wisdom's narrow way ;  
To fly the good I would pursue,  
Or do the thing I would not do ;  
*Still He*, who felt temptation's power,  
*Shall guard me in that dangerous hour.*

- 3 If wounded love my bosom swell,  
Despised by those I prized too well ;  
He shall his pitying aid bestow,  
Who felt on earth severer woe ;  
At once betrayed, denied, or fled,  
By those who shared his daily bread.
- 4 When vexing thoughts within me rise,  
And, sore dismayed, my spirit dies ;  
Yet He who did vouchsafe to bear  
The sickening anguish of despair,  
Shall sweetly soothe, shall gently dry,  
The throbbing heart, the streaming eye.
- 5 When mourning o'er some stone I bend,  
Which covers a departed friend ;  
And from his voice, his hand, his smile,  
Divides me for a little while ;  
Thou, Saviour, mark'st the tears I shed,  
For thou didst weep o'er Lazarus dead.
- 6 And O ! when I have safely passed  
Through every conflict but the last ;  
Still, still unchanging, watch beside  
My painful bed—for thou hast died ;  
Then point to realms of cloudless day,  
And wipe the latest tears away.

**88.**      8s & 6s M.    THOMAS'S COL.  
*The Same.*

- 1 THERE is an hour of peaceful rest,  
*To mourning wanderers given :*

There is a home for weary soul,  
By sin and sorrow driven ;  
When storms arise, and ocean rolls,  
This hope each rising fear controls  
—All is serene in heaven.

3 There faith lifts up the tearless eye,  
The heart with anguish riven ;  
It views the tempest passing by,  
Sees evening shadows quickly fly,  
And all serene—in heaven.

4 There fragrant flowers immortal bloom  
And joys supreme are given ;  
There rays divine disperse the gloom  
Beyond the dark and narrow tomb,  
Appears the dawn of heaven.

—C. M.—

**DO. Irregular M. ANONYMOUS.**

*"I would not live alway."*

- 1 I WOULD** not live alway : I ask not to stay  
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the  
way ;  
The few lurid mornings that dawn on us here  
Are enough for life's woes, full enough for  
its cheer.
- 2 I would not live alway**, thus fettered by sin ;  
Temptation without, and corruption within :  
E'en the rapture of pardon is mingled with  
fears,  
And the cup of thanksgiving with penitent  
tears.

— "I would not live alway ; no—welcome the

Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the  
bright plains,  
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns;

5 Where the saints of all ages in harmony  
meet,  
Their Saviour and brethren transported to  
greet ;  
While the anthems of rapture unceasingly  
roll,  
And the smile of the Lord is the life of the  
soul.

**91.** 10s & 11s M. ANONYMOUS.

*Consolation.*

1 Come, ye disconsolate, where'er you lan-  
guish,  
Come, at the shrine of God fervently  
kneel ;  
Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell  
your anguish,  
Earth has no sorrow that heav'n cannot  
heal.

2 Joy of the comfortless, light of the straying,  
Hope, when all others die, fadeless and  
pure ;  
Here speaks the Comforter, in mercy saying,  
*Earth has no sorrow that heav'n can-  
care.*

L. M. BOWRING.

*Hope of another Life.*

If all our hopes and all our fears  
 Were prisoned in life's narrow bound ;  
 If,—travellers through this vale of tears,—  
 We saw no better world beyond ;  
 O, who could check the rising sigh,  
 What earthly thing could pleasure give ?  
 O, who could venture then to die ?  
 Or, who could venture then to live ?

2 Were life a dark and desert moor,  
 Where mist and clouds eternal spread  
 Their gloomy veil behind, before,  
 And tempests thunder overhead ;  
 Where not a sunbeam breaks the gloom,  
 And not a floweret smiles beneath,—  
 Who could exist in such a tomb ?  
 Who, dwell in darkness and in death ?

3 And such were life, without the ray  
 Of our divine religion given ;  
 'Tis this that makes our darkness day,—  
 'Tis this that makes our earth a heaven.  
 Bright is the golden sun above,  
 And beantiful the flowers that bloom,  
 And all is joy, and all is love,  
 Reflected from the world to come.

2 That  
Fairer tu-  
And never did an-  
One half its blessedne-

3 It is all holy and serene,—  
The land of glory and repose ;  
And there, to dim the radiant scene,  
No tear of sorrow ever flows.

4 It is not fanned by summer gale ;  
"Tis not refreshed by vernal showers ;  
It never needs the moonbeam pale,  
For there are known no evening hov-

5 No,—for this world is ever bright  
With a pure radiance all its own ;  
The streams of uncreated light  
Flow round it from th' eternal T

6 There forms, unseen by mortal  
Too glorious for our sight to  
Are walking with their God to  
And waiting our arrival th-

*Sweet Home.*

1. **T**HIS world with its glory, and all we hold dear,  
Now shining in beauty, must soon disappear;  
But a moment they glitter, then fade to the eye,  
Like meteors of night that dash over the sky:  
Home—home—sweet, sweet home!  
There's no place like home.
- 2 **T**HO' pleasures rich cluster may temptingly glow ;  
In the frost of the grave, no flowers shall grow ;  
And homes that we love deserted become,  
And fond ones we cherish shall sleep in the tomb :  
Home—home—sweet, sweet home !  
There's no place like home.
- 3 **T**HEN give me a home far up in the skies,  
Where hope never withers—where love never dies :  
The home of the christian—where pilgrims are blest,  
And the exiles of earth forever shall rest ;  
Home—home—sweet, sweet home !  
There's no place like home.

**95.**

S. M.

WA

*Looking Upward.*

1 THE heav'ns invite mine eye,  
    The stars salute me round,  
Father, I blush, I mourn to lie  
    Thus grov'ling on the ground.

2 My warmer spirits move,  
    And make attempts to fly ;  
I wish aloud for wings of love,  
    To raise me swift and high.

3 Beyond those crystal vaults,  
    And all their sparkling balls ;  
They're but the porches to thy cou  
    And paintings on thy walls.

4 Vain world, farewell to you ;  
    Heaven is my native air :  
I bid my friends a short adieu,  
    Impatient to be there.

5 I feel my powers releast  
    From their old fleshly clod ;  
Fair Guardian, bear me up in haste  
    And set me near my God.

6. L. M. ANONYMOUS.

*Had I Wings.*

- 1 OH ! had I wings like yonder bird,  
That soars above its downy nest,  
I'd fly away, unseen, unheard,  
Where I might be for aye at rest.
- 2 I would not seek those fragrant bowers  
Which bloom beneath a cloudless sky,  
Nor could I rest amidst those flowers  
Which deck the groves of Araby.
- 3 I'd fly—but not to scenes below,  
Though ripe with every promised bliss,  
For what's the world? a garnished show—  
A decorated wilderness.
- 4 Oh ! I would fly and be at rest  
Far, far beyond each glittering sphere  
That hangs upon the azure breast  
Of all we know of heaven here.
- 5 And there I'd rest amidst the joys  
Which angel lips alone can tell ;  
Where blooms the bowers of paradise—  
Where songs in sweetest transports swell.
- 6 There would I rest, beneath that throne,  
Whose glorious circle gilds the sky ;  
Where sits Jehovah, who alone  
Can wipe the mourner's weeping eye.

BREVITY AND UNCERTAINTY OF  
HUMAN LIFE.

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97.

7s M.      NEWTON.  
*New Year's Day.*

1 WHILE, with ceaseless course, the sun  
    Hasted through the former year,  
    Many souls their race have run,  
    Never more to meet us here :  
    Fixed in an eternal state,  
    They have done with all below ;  
    We a little longer wait—  
    But how little, none can know.

2 As the winged arrow flies  
    Speedily the mark to find ;  
    As the lightning from the skies  
    Darts, and leaves no trace behind ;  
    Swiftly thus our fleeting days  
    Bear us down life's rapid stream :  
    Lord, our expectations raise—  
    All below is but a dream.

3 Thanks for mercies past receive—

Former kindnesses renew :  
From this moment may we live  
With eternity in view :  
Bless the word to young and old—  
Shed abroad a Saviour's love ;  
And, when life's short tale is told,  
May we dwell with thee above.

98.

L. M.

MOORE.

*Emblem of Man.*

- 1 SEE, how beneath the moonbeams' smile  
Yon little billow heaves its breast,  
And foams and sparkles for a while,  
And murmuring then subsides to rest.
- 2 Thus man, the sport of bliss and care,  
Rises on time's eventful sea ;  
And having swelled a moment there,  
Thus melts into eternity !

99.

L. M.

WESLEY.

*Fading Flowers.*

- 1 THE morning flowers display their sweets,  
And gay their silken leaves unsold,  
As careless of the noontide heats,  
As fearless of the evening cold.
- 2 Nipt by the wind's untimely blast,  
Parched by the sun's direst ray,

The 1<sup>st</sup>  
The short

5 Yet these, new-rising "  
With lustre brighter far than  
Revive with ever-during bloom,  
Safe from diseases and decline.

6 Let sickness blast, let death devour,  
If heaven but recompense our pains!  
Perish the grass, and fade the flower,  
If firm the word of God remains!

L. M. 81.

K

100.

Time.

1 TIME speeds away—away—away  
Another hour—another day—  
Another month—another year—  
Drop from us like the leaflets se  
Drop like the life-blood from the o  
The rose-bloom from the chee  
100

tresses from the temples fall,  
, eye grows dim and strange to all.

Time speeds away—away—away :  
Like torrent in a stormy day,  
He undermines the stately tower,  
Uproots the tree, and snaps the flower;  
And sweeps from our distracted breast  
The friends that loved—the friends that  
blessed ;  
And leaves us weeping on the shore,  
'To which they can return no more.

3 Time speeds away—away—away :  
No eagle through the skies of day,  
No wind along the hills can flee  
So swiftly or so smooth as he.  
Like fiery steed—from stage to stage  
He bears us on—from youth to age;  
Then plunges in the fearful sea  
Of fathomless eternity.

## 101.

8s &amp; 7s M.

HORNE.

*Autumn.*

1 SEE the leaves around us falling,  
Dry and withered to the ground;  
Thus to thoughtless mortals calling,  
In a sad and solemn sound :—

2 "Sons of Adam, (once in Eden,  
Where, like us, he blighted fell.)

Thus we <sup>112</sup>  
Heaven and ea-

6 On the tree of life eternal,  
O let all our hopes be laid!  
This alone, for ever vernal,  
Bears a leaf that shall not fade.

**102.**

8s & 7s M.

*A Mother's Grief.*

1 To mark the sufferings of the be-  
That cannot speak its woe;  
To see the infant tears gush fo-  
Yet know not why they flo-  
To meet the meek, uplifted  
That faint would ask reli-

**110**

OF HUMAN LIFE.

et can but tell of agony,—  
This is a mother's grief!

2 Through dreary days, and darker nights,  
To trace the march of death;  
To hear the faint and frequent sigh,  
The quick and shortened breath;  
To watch the last dread strife draw near,  
And pray that struggle brief,  
Though all is ended with its close,—  
This is a mother's grief!

3 To see, in one short hour, decayed  
The hope of future years;  
To feel how vain a father's prayers,  
How vain a mother's tears;  
To think the cold grave now must close  
O'er what was once the chief  
Of all the treasured joys of earth,—  
This is a mother's grief!

4 Yet when the first wild throb is past,  
Of anguish and despair,  
To lift the eye of faith to heaven,  
And think, "My child is there;"  
This best can dry the gushing tears,  
This yields the heart relief;  
Until the Christian's pious hope  
O'ercomes a mother's grief!

The frost  
They droop —

2 Cold, cold the heart once  
And dull and cold the eye, —  
The light of life's departed  
From earth, to you fair sky,  
And there 'tis burning brightly,  
Undim'd through ceaseless time,  
Nor on those blissful shores  
Shall echo sorrow's chime.

3 Then ask me not thus lightly  
To sip of idle mirth,  
For more enduring pleasures  
Of high and holy birth  
Thick cluster round the pathway,  
Lethé for earth's unrest,  
The cup of crystal waters  
From fountains of the bles'

DECEITFULNESS OF WORLDLY  
PLEASURES.

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104. L. M. 6l. CUNNINGHAM.

*Source of Truth.*

- 1 EACH fabled fount of comfort dry,  
Where can I quench my feverish thirst?  
Is not the world one glittering lie?  
Do not its swelling bubbles burst?  
Systems, and men, and books, and theories,  
Are nothings drest in painted wings.
- 2 Lord, "thou art true," and, oh the joy!  
To turn from other words to thine,  
To dig the gold withal.

1  
And fancy “  
Serve but to light “  
There’s nothing calm “

8s & 6s M. ANONYMOUS

106.

Heaven on Earth.

- 1 THIS world’s not “ all a fleeting show,  
For man’s illusion given “  
He that hath soothed a widow’s wo,  
Or wiped an orphan’s tear, doth know  
There’s something here of heaven.”
- 2 And he that walks life’s thorny way,  
With feelings calm and even ;  
Whose path is lit from day to day  
By virtue’s bright and steady ray ;  
Hath something felt of heaven.
- 3 He, that the Christian’s course  
And all his foes forgiven ;

ho measures out life's little span,  
 a love to God, and love to man,  
 On earth has tasted heaven.

## 107.

C. M. STENNETT.

*Vanity of the World.*

- 1 In vain the giddy world inquires,  
 Forgetful of their God,  
 "Who will supply our vast desires,  
 Or show us any good?"
- 2 Through the wide circuit of the earth  
 Their eager wishes rove,  
 In chase of honor, wealth and mirth,  
 The phantoms of their love.
- 3 But oft these shadowy joys elude  
 Their most intense pursuit;  
 Or, if they seize the fancied good,  
 There's poison in the fruit.
- 4 Lord, from this world call off my love;  
 Set my affections right;  
 Bid me aspire to joys above,  
 And walk no more by sight.
- 5 O let the glories of thy face  
 Upon my bosom shine;  
 Assured of thy forgiving grace,  
 My joys will be divine.

# TRUE HAPPINESS.

7s M.

TOPLADY.

108.

*Happiness in God alone.*

1 HAPPINESS, thou lovely name,  
Where's thy seat, O tell me, where?  
Learning, pleasure, wealth, and fame,  
All cry out,—'It is not here :'  
Not the wisdom of the wise  
Can inform me where it lies ;  
Not the grandeur of the great  
Can the bliss I seek create.

2 Object of my first desire,  
Jesus, crucified for me !

All to happiness aspire,  
Only to be found in thee :  
Thee to praise, and thee to know,  
Constitute our bliss below ;  
Thee to see, and thee to love,  
Constitute our bliss above.

3 Lord, it is not life to live,  
If thy presence thou deny ;  
Lord, if thou thy presence giv'

**109.** 10s M. Ano  
*Happiness.*

1 TRUE happiness is not the growth  
The search is useless if you seek  
'Tis an exotic of celestial birth,  
And only blossoms in celestial a

2 Sweet plant of paradise ! its seed is  
In here and there a plant of he  
mould ;  
It rises slow, and buds, but ne'er was  
To blossom here—the climate is to

110. L. M. w  
*Nothing*

4 Great God, subdue this vicious thi  
This love to vanity and dust ;  
Cure the vile fever of the mind,-  
And feed our souls with joys refin

## PRAYER AND DEVOTION.

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III.

C. M. MONTGOMERY.

### *Prayer.*

- 1 PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,  
    Unuttered or express'd ;  
- The motion of a hidden fire  
    That trembles in the breast.
- 2 Prayer is the burthen of a sigh,  
    The falling of a tear ;  
The upward glancing of an eye,  
    When none but God is near.
- 3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech  
    That infant lips can try ;  
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach  
    The Majesty on high.
- 4 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,  
    The Christian's native air,  
His watchword at the gates of death,  
    He enters heaven by prayer.
- 5 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,  
    Returning from his ways ;

While angels in their songs rejoice,  
And say, "Behold he prays!"

6 The saints, in prayer, appear as one,  
In word, and deed, and mind,  
When with the Father and his Son  
Their fellowship they find.

7 Nor prayer is made on earth alone :  
The Holy Spirit pleads ;  
And Jesus, on the eternal throne,  
For sinners intercedes.

8 O thou, by whom we come to God ;  
The Life, the Truth, the Way ;  
The path of prayer thyself hast trod :  
Lord, teach us how to pray.

**112.** 11s M. ANONYMOUS  
*Bower of Prayer.*

1 To leave my dear friends and with neighbours to part,  
And go from my home, it afflicts not my heart  
Like the thoughts of absenting myself for a day  
From that blest retreat where I've chosen to pray.

2 Dear bower, where the pine and the poplar have spread,  
And woven their branches a roof o'er my head  
How oft have I knelt on the evergreen boughs  
*And poured out my soul to my Savior's*  
*prayer.*

4 Early shrill notes of a lov'd nightingale  
 dwelt in the bower, I observed as my bell  
 call me to duty while the birds in the air  
 sing anthems of praises as I went to prayer.

4 How sweet were the zephyrs perfumed by  
 the pine,

The ivy, the balsam, the wild eglantine,  
 But sweeter, O sweeter, superlative were  
 The joys that I tasted in answer to prayer.

5 For Jesus my Saviour oft deign'd there to  
 meet,

And bless with his presence my humble retreat,  
 Oft filled me with rapture and blessedness  
 there,

Indiciting in heaven's own language my prayer.

6 Dear bower, I must leave you and bid you  
 adieu,

And pay my devotions in parts that are new,  
 Well knowing my Saviour resides every where  
 And can in all places give answer to prayer.

### 113. S. M. ANONYMOUS.

#### *Watchfulness.*

1 A CHARGE to keep I have,  
 A God to glorify ;  
 A never-dying soul to save,  
 And fit it for the sky.

2 To serve the present age,

Ann  
Assured if I  
I shall in sorrow —

\*Miss ANN L

114. There's nothing like Prayer.

TUNE—"Sweet Home."

1 When torn is the bosom by sorrow and care,  
Be it ever so simple there's nothing like  
prayer;  
It eases, and softens, subdues yet sustains  
Gives vigor to hope and puts passion  
chains.

Prayer, prayer, O! sweet prayer,  
Be it ever so simple, there's nothing like pr

2 When far from the friends we hold &  
to part,  
What fond recollections still cl  
heart—  
Past scenes and past converse,

Prayer, prayer, O ! sweet prayer,  
Be it ever so simple, there's nothing like prayer.

3 When pleasure would woo us from Piety's  
    arms,  
    The Siren sings sweetly, or silently  
    charms ;  
    We list to the tempter—are caught in the  
    snare,  
    But looking to Jesus we conquer by  
    prayer.

Prayer, prayer, O ! sweet prayer,  
Be it ever so simple, there's nothing like prayer.

4 While strangers to prayer we are strangers  
    to bliss,  
    Heaven pours its full joy thro' no me-  
    dium but this,  
    And till we the Seraphim's extacy share,  
    Our chalice of joy must be guarded by  
    prayer.

Prayer, prayer, O ! sweet prayer,  
Be it ever so simple, there's nothing like prayer.

**115.**      S. M.      MONTGOMERY.  
                  *The Lord's Prayer.*

1 FATHER, adored in world's above !  
    Thy glorious name be hallowed still ;  
    Thy kingdom come in truth and love ;

And earth, like heaven, obey thy will.  
 2 Lord, make our daily wants thy care ;  
 Forgive the sins which we forsake ;  
 In thy compassion let us share,  
 As fellow-men of ours partake.  
 3 Evils beset us every hour,—  
 'Thy kind protection we implore.  
 Thine is the kingdom, thine the power,  
 The glory thine for evermore.

**116.** S. M. \*MRS. STEELE.

*Cheerful Submission.*

1 My Father !—cheering name !  
 O may I call thee mine !  
 Give me with humble hope to claim  
 A portion so divine.  
 2 This can my fears control,  
 And bid my sorrows fly ;  
 What real harm can reach my soul  
 Beneath a Father's eye.  
 3 Whate'er thy will denies,  
 I calmly would resign ;  
 For thou art just, and good, and wise :  
 O bend my will to thine !  
 4 Whate'er thy will ordains,  
 O give me strength to bear ;  
 Still let me know a father reigns,  
 And trust a father's care.  
 5 If anguish rend this frame,

## PRAYER AND DEVOTION.

And life almost depart,  
Is not thy mercy still the same  
To cheer my drooping heart?

6 Thy ways are little known  
To my weak erring sight ;  
Yet shall my soul, believing, own  
That all thy ways are right.

7 My Father!—blissful name!  
Above expression dear!  
If thou accept my humble claim,  
I bid adieu to fear.

**117.**      C. M.      MONTGO.  
*Prayer.*

1 ALMIGHTY God, in humble praye  
To thee our souls we lift ;  
Do thou our waiting minds prepare  
For thy most needful gift.

2 We ask not golden streams of wea  
Along our path to flow ;  
We ask not undecaying health,  
Nor length of years below.

3 We ask not honors, which an hour  
May bring and take away ;  
We ask not pleasure, pomp, and p  
Lest we should go astray.

4 We ask for wisdom :—Lord, impa  
The knowledge how to live ;  
A wise and understanding heart  
To all before thee give.

THE SAVIOUR—HIS BIRTH—COM-  
MUNION WITH HIM.

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**118.**

C. M.

MEDLEY.

*Birth of Christ.*

- 1 MORTALS, awake, with angels join,  
And chant the solemn lay ;  
Love, joy, and gratitude combine  
To hail the auspicious day.
- 2 In heaven the rapturous song began,  
And sweet seraphic fire  
Through all the shining legions ran,  
And swept the sounding lyre.
- 3 The theme, the song, the joy was new,  
To each angelic tongue ;  
Swift through the realms of light it flew,  
And loud the echo rung.
- 4 Down through the portals of the sky  
The pealing anthem ran,  
And angels flew, with eager joy,  
To bear the news to man.

## THE SAVIOUR.

Hark ! the cherubic armies shout,  
And glory leads the song :  
Peace and salvation swell the note  
Of all the heavenly throng.

With joy the chorus we'll repeat,  
"Glory to God on high ;  
Good-will and peace are now comp  
Jesus was born to die."

Hail ! Prince of life, forever hail,  
Redeemer, Brother, Friend ;  
Through earth, and time, and life shou  
Thy praise shall never end.

### 9. C. M. \*CAMP *The Star.*

The world lay hushed in slumber  
And darkness veiled the mind,  
When rose upon their shadowy sle  
The star that saves mankind.

At dawns o'er Bethlehem's holy she  
And scattering at the sight,  
Heaven's idol-host at once have fle  
Before that holy light.

led by the solitary star,  
To glory's poor abode,  
O ! wondering wisdom from afar  
Brings incense to her God.

4 Humility, on Judah's hills,  
 Watching her fleecy care,  
 Turns to an angel voice, that fills  
 With love the midnight air.

5 Like voices through yon bursting cloud,  
 Announce the Almighty plan ;  
 Hymning, in adoration loud,  
 "Peace and good-will to man."

## 120.

C. M.

WATTS.

*Redeemer's Praise.*

1 O, for a thousand tongues, to sing  
 My dear Redeemer's praise,  
 The glories of my Lord and King,  
 The triumphs of his grace !

2 Jesus, the name that calms our fears,  
 That bids our sorrows cease,—  
 'Tis music in the sinner's ears,  
 'Tis life, and health, and peace.

3 He speaks, and, listening to his voice,  
 New life the dead receive ;  
 The mournful, broken hearts rejoice,  
 The humble poor believe.

4 Hear him, ye deaf ; his praise, ye dumb,  
 Your loosened tongues employ ;  
 Ye blind, behold your Saviour come,  
 And leap, ye lame, for joy.

THE SAVIOUR.

**121.** C. P. M. Miss ]

*Christ's Coming.*

- 1 O LET your mingling voices ri  
In grateful rapture to the skies  
And hail a Saviour's birth !  
Let songs of joy the day procl  
When Jesus all-triumphant ca  
'To bless the sons of earth.'
- 2 He came to bid the weary rest  
To heal the sinner's wounded  
To bind the broken heart ;  
To spread the light of truth ar  
And to the world's remotest bc  
The heavenly gift impart.
- 3 He came our trembling souls t  
From sin, from sorrow, and th  
And chase our fears away ;  
Victorious over death and time  
To lead us to a happier clime,  
Where reigns eternal day.
- 4 Then let your mingling voices  
In grateful rapture to the skies  
And hail a Saviour's birth !  
Let songs of joy the day procl  
When Jesus all-triumphant ca  
'To bless the sons of earth.'

*I*

3 1  
That sca---  
Pure as the lucu  
That wide proclaims its  
4 True as the magnet to the pole,  
So true let your contrition be—  
So true let all your sorrows roll,  
To Him who bled upon the tree.  
8s & 7s M. ANONYMO'

## 123.

Christmas Hymn.

1 COME, thou long expected Jesus,  
Born to set thy people free ;  
From our fears and sins release u  
Let us find our rest in thee.  
Israel's strength and consolation  
Hope of all the earth thou a  
Dear desire of every nation  
Joy of every longing h

130

2 Born thy people to deliver ;  
 Born a child, and yet a King ;  
 Born to reign in us forever,  
 Now thy gracious kingdom bring.  
 By thine own eternal Spirit,  
 Rule in all our hearts alone ;  
 By thine all sufficient merit,  
 Raise us to thy glorious throne.

**124.** C M. ANONYMOUS.

*Contrition's Sigh.*

- 1 O THOU, whose tender mercy hears  
 Contrition's humble sigh ;  
 Whose hand indulgent wipes the tears  
 From sorrow's weeping eye.
- 2 See, low before thy throne of grace,  
 A wretched wanderer mourn :  
 Hast thou not bid me seek thy face ?  
 Hast thou not said—Return ?
- 3 And shall my guilty fears prevail  
 To drive me from thy feet ?  
 O ! let not this dear refuge fail,  
 This only safe retreat.
- 4 Absent from thee, my Guide ! my Light !  
 Without one cheering ray :  
 Through dangers, fears and gloomy night,  
 How desolate the way !
- 5 Oh ! shine on this benighted heart,  
 With beams of mercy shine !

And let thy healing voice impart  
A taste of joys divine.

**125.** L. M. J. B. W.

*Closest Hymn.*

- 1 WHEN, O my Saviour, shall this heart  
So feel the influence of thy grace,  
That from thy cross 'twill ne'er depart ;  
But live around that hallow'd place ?
- 2 The brightest scenes of earth are dim,  
If Jesus be not with me there ;  
All worldly joys, compared with him,  
Seem vain as fleeting shadows are.
- 3 O could I live beneath his smile,  
And lean upon his sacred breast,  
No fond allurement should beguile  
A heart so privileged—so blest.
- 4 Come then, my Saviour, and constrain  
This wayward soul, nor let it rove ;  
Recall me to thine arms again,  
And bind me there "with cords of love."

**126.** 11s & 4s M. D. J. MANDELL.

*Bethlehem's Star.*

- 1 BLACK clouds wrapt the sky, deep'ning  
night's deepest shade,  
The moon from her orbit shrank quenched  
and dismayed,  
When lo ! a bright star its lone presence  
displayed—

THE SAVIOUR.

"Twas Bethlehem's star.

2 How proudly it rose, 'mid the l  
Like a gleam from the circlet  
high,  
While back from its path the  
did fly—  
Bright Bethlehem's star.

3 It shone as the dawn star, to he  
From the smile of whose b  
night's dark array  
Should flee like the minions of  
Bright Bethlehem's star.

4 But soon o'er the hill tops th  
its crest,  
And that star shrank from e  
ments to rest  
Its most precious jewel on h  
breast—  
Bright Bethlehem's star.

**127.**      L. M. 6l.      A

*The Same.*

1 THERE is a star whose ge  
Forever shines serenely br  
And beats upon the Chris  
To bless him with its holy  
From the eternal throne it  
And sheds on man its radi  
2 When on life's stormy sea  
*When all is dark, and all*

When fearful swells the foaming tide,  
 Oh then its blessed rays appear,  
 And gently shed the light of love,  
 And lift the tearful eye above !

3 'Tis Christian Hope, the sweetest star  
 That lights the pilgrim's onward way,  
 And points to glorious joys afar,  
 The joys of everlasting day.  
 It dissipates the gathering gloom  
 That frowns around the opening tomb.

4 O give me this in every hour  
 Of deep, desponding, chilling fear ;  
 O let me feel its heavenly power,  
 The weariness of woe to cheer.  
 Then earth's delusive dreams depart,  
 And Christian Hope sustains the heart.

5 Far better in this light divine,  
 This sure and steadfast hope in heaven  
 Than honors which deceitful shine,  
 By earthly fame or glory given.  
 Though winds arise, and billows roll,  
 Hope is the anchor of the soul !

## 128.

ANONYMOUS.

*A Christmas Hymn.*

1st Voice. WATCHMAN ! tell us of the night ;  
 What its signs of promise are.

2d Voice. Traveller ! o'er you mountain's  
 height

THE SAVIOUR.

See that glory-beam  
1st *Voice.* Watchman! does its beau  
Aught of hope or joy  
2d *Voice.* Traveller! yes ; it brings  
Promised day of Isra  
1st *Voice.* Watchman! } Yes ; it brings  
2d *Voice.* Traveller ! }  
1st *Voice.* Watchman ! tell us of  
Higher yet that star that  
2d *Voice.* Traveller! blessedness  
Peace and truth its con  
tends.  
1st *Voice.* Watchman! will its beau  
Gild the spot that  
birth ?  
2d *Voice.* Traveller ! ages are its  
See ! it bursts o'er all  
1st *Voice.* Watchman! } Ages are its  
2d *Voice.* Traveller! }  
1st *Voice.* Watchman ! tell us of  
For the morning seen  
2d *Voice.* Traveller! darkness takes  
Doubt and terror are  
1st *Voice.* Watchman ! let thy  
cease ;  
Hie thee to thy quiet  
2d *Voice.* Traveller! lo ! the Prince  
Lo ! the Son of God  
1st *Voice.* Watchman! } Lo ! the  
2d *Voice.* Traveller! } peace

## THE GOSPEL.

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**129.**

L. M. ANONYMOUS.

*Mercies of the Gospel.*

- 1 RISE, every heart and every tongue,  
Prepare a sweet angelic song ;  
Surprising mercies must require  
An angel's lay, a seraph's fire.
- 2 See what the gracious God of heaven  
Hath now to his own Israel given !  
No heart can feel, no tongue express,  
The wonders of his love and grace.
- 3 In every age the Lord was kind,  
And to his church revealed his mind ;  
But we enjoy a wondrous store  
Of mercies never known before.
- 4 The sun of heaven illumes the soul ;  
Oceans of mercies sweetly roll ;  
The heavenly streams of truth and love  
Flow freely from the fount above.
- 5 *O happy day ! we live to see  
How kind to men our God can be ;*

His greatest mercies stand confessed,  
And Zion is divinely blessed.

6 Thy truth and loving kindness, Lord,  
We will with holy songs record ;  
To us are richest favors given,  
And praises shall return to heaven.

**130.** L. M. ANONYMOUS.

*Influence of the Gospel.*

1 As showers on meadows newly mown,  
Jesus shall shed his blessings down ;  
Crowned with whose life-infusing drops,  
Earth shall renew her blissful crops.

2 Lands that beneath a burning sky  
Have long been desolate and dry,  
Th' effusions of his love shall share,  
And sudden green and herbage wear.

3 The dews and rains, in all their store,  
Drenching the pastures o'er and o'er,  
Are not so copious as that grace  
Which sanctifies and saves our race.

4 As, in soft silence, vernal showers  
Descend, and cheer the fainting flowers,  
So, in the secrecy of love,  
Falls the sweet influence from above.

5 That heavenly influence let me find  
In holy silence of the mind,  
While every grace maintains its bloom,  
*Diffusing wide its rich perfume.*

*Efficacy of the Gospel.*

- 1 MARK the soft-falling snow,  
And the descending rain !  
To heaven from whence it fell  
It turns not back again ;  
But waters earth through every pore  
And calls forth all her secret store.
- 2 Arrayed in beauteous green  
The hills and valleys shine,  
And man and beast are fed  
By providence divine :  
The harvest bows its golden ears,  
The copious seed of future years.
- 3 'So,' saith the God of grace,  
'My gospel shall descend,

I will guide you to your home ;  
 Weary pilgrim, hither come !

1 Thou who, houseless, sole, forlorn,  
 Long hast borne the proud world's scorn,  
 Long hast roamed the barren waste,  
 Weary pilgrim, hither haste !

2 Ye who, tossed on beds of pain,  
 Seek for ease, but seek in vain ;  
 Ye, whose swollen and sleepless eyes  
 Watch to see the morning rise ;

4 Ye, by fiercer anguish torn,  
 In remorse for guilt who mourn,  
 Here repose your heavy care :  
 A wounded spirit who can bear ?

5 Sinner, come ! for here is found  
 Balm that flows for every wound ;  
 Peace that ever shall endure,  
 Rest eternal, sacred, sure.

**133.**      C. M.      \*H. BALLOU.

*Reign of Christ.*

1 JESUS his empire shall extend ;  
 Beneath his gentle sway  
 Kings of the earth shall humbly bend,  
 And his commands obey.

2 From sea to sea, from shore to shore,  
 All nations shall be blest ;  
 We hear the noise of war no more,—  
*He gives his people rest.*

3 As clouds descend in gentle showers,  
 When spring renews her reign ;  
 And call to life the fragrant flowers  
 O'er forest, hill, and plain ;—

4 So Jesus, by his heavenly grace,  
 Descends on man below,  
 And o'er the millions of our race  
 His gentle blessings flow.

5 Long as the sun shall rule the day,  
 Or moon shall cheer the night,  
 The Saviour shall his sceptre sway  
 With unresisted might.

6 All that the reign of sin destroyed,  
 The Saviour shall restore ;  
 And, from the treasures of the Lord,  
 Shall give us blessings more.

**134.**

C. M. S. STREETER.

*Good Tidings.*

1 What glorious tidings do I hear!  
 From my Redeemer's tongue !  
 I can no longer silence bear,  
 I'll burst into a song.

2 The blind receive their sight with joy ;  
 The lame are now restored ;  
 The dumb their loosen'd tongues employ ;  
 The deaf can hear the word.

3 The dead are raised to life anew,  
 By renovating grace ;

**The glorious gospel's preached to you,  
The poor of Adam's race.**

**4 O wondrous type of things divine,  
When Christ displays his love,  
To raise from woe the sinking mind,  
To reign with him above !**

**135.** L. M. ANONYMOUS.

*Waters of Life.*

- 1 There is a pure and peaceful wave,  
That issues from the throne of love,  
Whose waters gladden as they lave  
The bright and heavenly courts above.
- 2 In living streams behold that tide  
Through Christ the rock profusely burst,  
And in his word, behold supplied  
The fount for which our spirits thirst.
- 3 The pilgrim faint, who seems to sink  
Beneath the sultry sky of time,  
May here repose, and freely drink  
The waters of that better clime.
- 4 And every soul may here partake  
The blessings of the fount above ;  
And none who drink will e'er forsake  
The crystal stream of boundless love.

**136.**

L. M.

WATTS.

*The Same.*

1 God is the refuge of his saints  
 When storms of sharp distress invade ;  
 Ere we can offer our complaints,  
 Behold him present with his aid.

2 Let mountains from their seats be hurled  
 Down to the deep, and buried there ;  
 Convulsions shake the solid world ;  
 Our faith shall never yield to fear.

3 Loud may the troubled ocean roar—  
 In sacred peace our souls abide ;  
 While every nation, every shore,  
 Trembles and dreads the swelling tide

4 There is a stream, whose gentle flow  
 Supplies the city of our God ;  
 Life, love, and joy still gliding through  
 And watering our divine abode.

5 That sacred stream, thy holy word,  
 Our grief allays, our fear controls :  
 Sweet peace thy promises afford,  
 And give new strength to fainting :

6 Zion enjoys her Monarch's love,  
 Secure against a threatening hour  
*Nor can her firm foundations move—*  
*Built on his truth, and armed with*

## CONFIDENCE AND TRUST IN GOD.

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37.

C. M.

\*BURNS.

*Trust and Confidence.*

- 1 O, THOU great Being! what thou art  
Surpasses me to know :  
Yet sure I am, that, known to thee  
Are all thy works below.
- 2 Thy creature here before thee stands,  
All wretched and distrest;  
Yet sure those ills that wring my soul  
Obey thy high behest.
- 3 Sure thou, Almighty, canst not act  
From cruelty or wrath!  
O, free my weary eyes from tears,  
Or close them fast in death!
- 4 But, if I must afflicted be,  
To suit some wise design,  
Then arm my soul with firm resolves  
To bear, and not repine!

138.

C. M.

COWPER.

*Submission.*

- 1 LORD, my best desire fulfil,  
And help me to resign  
Life, health, and comfort to thy will,  
And make thy pleasure mine.
- 2 Why should I shrink at thy command,  
Whose love forbids my fears?  
Or tremble at the gracious hand  
That wipes away my tears?
- 3 No! rather let me freely yield  
What most I prize, to thee;  
Who never hast a good withheld,  
Or wilt withhold, from me.
- 4 Thy favor, all my journey through,  
Thou art engaged to grant;  
What else I want, or think I do,  
'Tis better still to want.
- 5 Wisdom and mercy guide my way;—  
Shall I resist them both?  
The poor blind creature of a day,  
And crushed before the moth!
- 6 But ah! my inward spirit cries,  
Still bind me to thy sway;  
*Else the next cloud that veils my skies,*  
*Drives all these thoughts away.*

**139.**

C. M.

TOPLADY.

*Sweet Rest.*

- 1 WHEN languor and disease invade  
This trembling house of clay,  
'Tis sweet to look beyond our cage,  
And long to soar away.
- 2 Sweet to look inward and attend  
The whispers of his love;  
Sweet to look upward to the throne  
Where Jesus pleads above.
- 3 Sweet to look back, and see my name  
In life's fair book marked down;  
Sweet to look forward, and behold  
Eternal joy my own.
- 4 Sweet to reflect, how grace divine  
My hope in Jesus laid :  
Sweet to remember that his death  
My debt of suffering paid.
- 5 Sweet on thy faithfulness to rest,  
Whose love can never end;  
Sweet on thy covenant of grace  
For all things to depend.
- 6 Sweet in the confidence of faith,  
To trust thy truth divine;  
Sweet to lie passive in thy hands,  
And have no will but thine.

140 CONFIDENCE AND TRUST IN GOD.

7 If such the sweetness of the streams,  
What will that fountain be,  
Where saints and angels draw their bliss  
Immediately from thee!

**140.**      C. P. M.      H. MOORE.

*God's Love.*

1 My God! thy boundless love I praise :  
How bright on high its glories blaze—

How sweetly bloom below!

It streams from thine eternal throne;  
Through heaven its joys for ever run,  
And o'er the earth they flow.

2 'Tis love that paints the purple morn,  
And bids the clouds, in air upborne,

Their genial drops distil;

In every vernal beam it glows,  
It breathes in every gale that blows,  
And glides in every rill.

3 It robes in cheerful green the ground,  
And pours its flowery beauties round,

Whose sweets perfume the gale;

Its bounties richly spread the plain—  
The blushing fruit, the golden grain—  
And smile on every vale.

4 But in thy word I see it shine  
With grace and glories more divine,  
Proclaiming sins forgiven;

CONFIDENCE AND TRUST IN GOD. 141

There faith, bright cherub, points the way  
To realms of everlasting day,  
And opens all her heaven.

5 Then let the love that makes me bleat,  
With cheerful praise inspire my breast,  
And ardent gratitude—  
And all my thoughts and passions tend  
To thee, my Father and my Friend,  
My soul's eternal good.

**141.**                   S. M.    ANONYMOUS.

*Trust in God.*

1 GIVE to the winds thy fears,  
Hope, and be undismayed;  
God hears thy sighs, and counts thy tears,  
God shall lift up thy head :  
Through waves, and clouds, and storms,  
He gently clears thy way;  
Wait thou his time, so shall this night  
Soon end in joyous day.

2 Leave to his sovereign sway  
To choose and to command :  
So shalt thou, wondering, own his way,  
How wise—how strong his hand!  
Far, far above thy thought  
His counsel shall appear,  
When *fall* he the work hath wrought  
*That caused thy needless fear.*

142 CONFIDENCE AND TRUST IN GOD.

3 Thou seest our weakness, Lord,  
Our hearts are known to thee;  
O, lift thou up the sinking hand,  
Confirm the feeble knee : :  
Let us in life, in death,  
Thy steadfast truth declare;  
And publish with our latest breath,  
Thy love and guardian care.

**142.**

L. M. 6l.

**T. MOORE.**

*God in Nature.*

- 1 THOU art, O God, the life and light  
Of all this wondrous world we see;  
Its glow by day, its smile by night,  
Are but reflections caught from thee.  
Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,  
And all things fair and bright are thine.
- 2 When day, with farewell beam, delays  
Among the opening clouds of even,  
And we can almost think we gaze  
Through golden vistas into heaven—  
Those hues that make the sun's decline  
So soft, so radiant, Lord, are thine.
- 3 When night, with wings of starry gloom,  
O'ershadows all the earth and skies,  
Like some dark, beauteous bird, whose  
plume  
*Is sparkling with unnumbered eyes,*

That sacred gloom, those fires divine,  
So grand, so countless, Lord, are thine.

4 When youthful spring around us breathes,  
Thy spirit warms her fragrant sigh;  
And every flower the summer wreaths  
Is born beneath thy kindling eye.  
Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,  
And all things fair and bright are thine.

**143.** C. M. ANONYMOUS.

*The Same.*

1 THOU great Creator, wise and good !  
To thee our songs we raise :  
Nature, through all her various scenes,  
Invites us to thy praise.

2 At morning, noon, and evening mild,  
Fresh wonders strike our view ;  
And while we gaze, our hearts exult  
With transports ever new.

3 Thy glory beams in every star  
Which gilds the gloom of night ;  
It decks the smiling face of morn  
With rays of cheerful light.

4 The lofty hill, the humble vale,  
With countless beauties shine ;  
The silent grove, the awful shade,  
Proclaim thy power divine.

5 Great nature's God ! still may these scenes  
Our serious hours engage ;

144 CONFIDENCE AND TRUST IN GOD.

Still may our grateful hearts consult  
Thy works' instructive page.

6 And while, in all thy wondrous works,  
Thy varied love we see,  
Still may the contemplation lead  
Our hearts, O God, to thee.

**144.** L. M. \*WATTS

*Evening Hymn.*

1 **T**HUS far the Lord has led me on, —  
Thus far his power prolongs my days ;  
And every evening shall make known  
Some fresh memorial of his grace.

2 **M**uch of my time has run to waste,  
And I, perhaps, am near my home ;  
But he forgives my follies past,  
And gives me strength for days to come.

3 **I** lay my body down to sleep ;  
Peace is the pillow for my head ;  
His ever watchful eye shall keep  
Its constant guard around my bed.

4 **F**aith in his name forbids my fear ;  
O may thy presence ne'er depart !  
And in the morning let me hear  
The love and kindness of thy heart.

5 **T**hus when the night of death shall come,  
My flesh shall rest beneath the ground ;  
*And wait thy voice to break the tomb,*  
*With glad salutation in the sound.*

## FAITH, HOPE AND CHARITY.

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**145.**

L. M.

HEBR.

*Hope.*

- 1 REFLECTED on the lake I love  
To see the stars of evening glow,  
So tranquil in the heaven above,  
So restless in the wave below. ~
- 2 Thus heavenly hope is all serene ;  
But earthly hope, how bright soe'er,  
Still flutters o'er the changing scene,  
As false, as fleeting, as 'tis fair !

**146.**

C. M.

\*ANONYMOUS.

*Brotherly Love.*

- 1 How sweet and heav'ly is the sight,  
When those that love the Lord  
In mutual joy and peace unite,  
And thus fulfil his word :
- 2 When each can feel his brother's sigh,  
And with him bear a part ;  
When sorrow flows from eye to eye,  
And joy from heart to heart.

3 When love, in one delightful stream,  
Through ev'ry bosom flows ;  
And union, sweet and fond esteem,  
In ev'ry action glows.

4 This is the golden chain that binds  
The happy souls above ;  
And he's an heir of peace that finds  
His bosom fill'd with love.

147.

C. M.

\*WATTS.

*Resignation.*

1 Not from the dust affliction grows,  
Nor troubles rise by chance ;  
Yet we are born to cares and woes !  
A sad inheritance !

2 As sparks break out from burning coals,  
And still are upwards borne ;  
So grief is rooted in our souls,  
And man grows up to mourn :

3 Yet with my God I leave my cause,  
And trust his promised grace ;  
He rules me by his gracious laws  
Of love and righteousness.

4 Not all the pains that e'er I bore  
Shall spoil my future peace ;  
*For* death and sin can do no more  
Than what my Father please.

**8.**

L. M.

WATTS.

*Faith.*

Tis by the faith of joys to come  
We walk through deserts dark as night ;  
Till we arrive at heaven, our home,  
Faith is our guide, and faith our light.

The want of sight she well supplies :  
She makes the pearly gates appear ;  
Far into distant worlds she pries,  
And brings eternal glories near.

Cheerful we tread the desert through,  
While faith inspires a heavenly ray,  
Though lions roar, and tempests blow,  
And rocks and dangers fill the way.

So Abraham, by divine command,  
Left his own house to walk with God ;  
His faith beheld the promised land,  
And fired his zeal along the road.

**19.**

C. M.

J. FRIEZE.

*The Same.*

HIGH on the mountain's towering head,  
While darkness veils the sky,  
Faith stands, and through the stormy cloud,  
Directs her anxious eye.

Amidst the gloom, the welcome rays  
With cheering lustre shine,

150 FAITH, HOPE, AND CHARITY.

And open to her ardent gaze  
A world of bliss divine.

- 3 The yawning gulf that howled beneath  
Has ceased its angry roar ;  
The surging waves have spent their force,  
And died upon the shore.
- 4 Far in the distance faith beholds  
A flood of heavenly light ;  
Now spreads her pinions, and directs  
To heaven her ardent flight.
- 5 Far, far beyond this nether world,  
Where sin and sorrow grow,  
She seeks and finds that endless rest  
Where joys unceasing flow.

**150.** S. M. ANONYMOUS.

*The Blessing of Meekness.*

- 1 'BLEST are the meek,' he said,  
Whose doctrine is divine ;  
The humble-minded earth possess,  
And bright in heaven will shine.
- 2 While here on earth they stay,  
Calm peace with them shall dwell ;  
And cheerful hope and heavenly joy  
Beyond what tongue can tell.
- 3 The God of peace is theirs ;  
They own his gracious sway ;  
*And yielding all their wills to him,*  
*His sovereign laws obey.*

No angry passions move,  
 No envy fires the breast ;  
 The prospect of eternal peace  
 Bids every trouble rest.

5 O gracious Father, grant  
 That we this influence feel,  
 That all we hope, or wish, may be  
 Subjected to thy will.

**151.** C. M. THOMAS'S COL.

*There is a Flower.*

1 THERE is a flower—a holy one—  
 That blossoms on my path ;  
 No need of dew, or daily sun,  
 Or falling showers it hath.

2 It blooms as brightly in the storm  
 As in the cloudless sky,  
 And rears unharmed its humble form,  
 When others fade and die.

3 That plant is Faith : its holy leaves  
 Reviving odor shed,  
 Where pain is felt, or sorrow grieves  
 O'er mansions of the dead.

4 God is its sun—his living light  
 In happy hours he lends,  
 And silently, in sorrow's night,  
 His heavenly dew descends.

## 152. C. M. \*THOMAS'S COL.

*“Sweet Hope.”*

- 1 HAIL, sweetest, dearest tie that binds  
Our glowing hearts in one ;  
Hail, sacred hope, that tunes our minds,  
To sing what God hath done.  
It is the hope, the blissful hope,  
Which Jesus's grace hath given ;  
The hope when days and years are past,  
We all shall meet in heaven.
- 2 What though the northern winds arise,  
And howl around our cot ;  
Or though beneath the southern skies,  
Be cast our earthly lot :  
Yet still we share the blissful hope,  
The Saviour's grace hath given,  
The hope when days and years are past,  
We all shall meet in heaven.
- 3 From eastern shores, from northern lands,  
From western hill and plain,  
From southern climes, the brother-bands  
May hope to meet again.  
It is the hope, the blissful hope,  
Which love divine hath given ;  
The hope when life and time are o'er,  
We all shall meet in heaven.
- 4 *No hope deferred, no parting sigh,  
That blessed meeting knows ;*

The hope when time shall be no more,  
We all shall meet in heaven.

**153.**      C. M.    THOMAS's Col  
*Hope.*

| THERE is a hope—a blessed hope—  
More precious and more bright,  
Than all the varied forms of joy  
The world esteems delight.

| There is a star—a lovely star—  
That lights the darkest gloom,  
And sheds a peaceful radiance o'er  
The prospect of the tomb.

| There is a voice, a cheering voice,

His pity

3 He aids the poor in ~~in~~  
He hears when they ~~com~~  
With tender heart delights to ~~bless~~  
And lessen all their pain.

4 The sick, the prisoner, poor and blind,  
And all the sons of grief,  
In him a benefactor find ;  
He loves to give relief.

5 'Tis love that makes religion sweet ;  
'Tis love that makes us rise,  
With willing mind and ardent feet,  
To yonder happy skies.

6 Then let us all in love abound,  
And charity pursue ;  
Thus shall we be with gl  
And love as angels do

TH

45.

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Or give  
To gain

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**FAITH, HOPE, AND CHARITY.**

2 'Tis like the dews that fill  
    The cups of Hermon's flowers ;  
Or Zion's fruitful hill,  
    Bright with the drops of showers;  
When mingling odors breathe around,  
And glory rests on all the ground.

3 For there the Lord commands  
    Blessings, a boundless store,  
From his unsparing hands,—  
    Yea, life for evermore.  
Thrice happy they who meet above  
To spend eternity in love !

157.

L.

Comm

- 1 'TWAS on that darl  
When powers of e  
Against the Son of  
And friends betraye
- 2 Before the mourns  
He took the bread,  
What love through  
What wondrous w
- 3 'This is my body,  
Receive and eat th  
Then took the cup  
'Tis the new cov
- 4 'Do this,' he cried  
In memory of you  
Meet at my table,  
The love of your
- 5 Jesus ! thy feast v  
We show thy dea  
Till thou return, :  
The marriage sup

K

## 158. L. M. ANONYMOUS.

*The Same.*

- 1 'THIS do in memory of your Friend.'—  
Such was the Saviour's last request,  
Who all the pangs of death endured,  
That we might live forever blessed.
- 2 Yes, we'll record thy matchless love,  
Thou dearest, tenderest, best of friends !  
Thy dying love the noblest praise  
Of long eternity transcends.
- 3 'Tis pleasure more than earth can give,  
Thy goodness through these veils to see ;  
Thy table food celestial yields,  
And happy they who sit with thee.
- 4 But O, what vast transporting joys  
Shall fill our breast, our tongues inspire,  
When, joined with the celestial train,  
Our grateful souls thy love admire !
- 5 When these vile bodies, all refined,  
Perfect and glorious as thy own,  
Unwearied shall our minds obey,  
And join in worship near the throne.

## 159. C. M. ANONYMOUS.

*The Same.*

- 1 *Ye* followers of the Prince of peace,  
Who round his table draw !

1 Remember what his spirit was—  
What his peculiar law.

2 The love which all his bosom filled  
Did all his actions guide ;  
Inspired by love, he lived and taught ;  
Inspired by love, he died.

3 And do you love him ? do you feel  
Your warm affection move ?  
This is the proof which he demands,—  
That you each other love.

**60.** 8s & 7s M. ANONYMOUS.

*The Same.*

1 From the table now retiring,  
Which for us the Lord hath spread,  
May our souls, refreshment finding,  
Grow in all things like our Head.

2 His example by beholding,  
May our lives his image bear ;  
Him our Lord and Master calling,  
His commands may we revere.

3 Love to God and man displaying,  
Walking steadfast in his way,—  
Joy attend us in believing !  
Peace from God, through endless day !

Let new...

3 Near to each other, am  
Lord, bring us all in unity ;  
O, pour thy spirit from on high,  
And all our numerous wants supply.

4 O, show that in our low estate  
No blessing for us is too great ;  
We plead thy Son, we plead thy wor  
O Founder, Patron, beauteous Lord

162. L. M. ANONY  
Receiving Members.

1 Lord, we adore thy wondrous gr  
Who crown'st the gospel with su  
Subjecting sinners to the yoke,  
And bringing to the fold thy she

2 May those who have thy trut'  
As their own faith, and hope

164

Bring members may they share  
joys and griefs which others bear,  
active in their stations prove  
all the offices of love.

On all temptations now defend,  
and keep them steadfast to the end,  
till in thy house they still improve,  
till they join the church above.

B. L. M. ANONYMOUS.

*Baptism.*

Hold the grave where Jesus lay,  
sore he shed his precious blood!  
Now plain he marked the humble way  
to sinners, through the mystic flood!  
Come, ye redeemed of the Lord,  
and obey his sacred word;

**164.**

C. M.

BALDWIN.

*At the Water.*

- 1 ALMIGHTY Saviour, here we stand,  
Ranged by the water side;  
Hither we come, at thy command,  
To wait upon thy Bride.
- 2 Thy footsteps marked this humble way,  
For all that love thy cause;  
Lord, thy example we obey,  
And glory in the cross.
- 3 Our dearest Lord, we'll follow thee,  
Where'er thou lead'st the way;  
Through floods, through flames, through  
death's dark vale.  
To realms of endless day.

**165.**

L. M.

\*WATTS.

*The Same.*

- 1 Do we not know that solemn word,  
That we are buried with the Lord?  
Baptized into his death, and then  
Put off the body of our sin?
- 2 Our souls receive diviner breath,  
Raised from corruption, guilt and death;  
So from the grave did Christ arise,  
And lives to God above the skies.
- 3 No more let sin or sorrow reign  
Over our mortal flesh again:  
The various lusts we served before  
Shall have dominion now no more.

BAPTISM.

46.

L. M.

*The Same.*

1 HITHER we come, our d  
Obedient to thy sacred wo  
'Tis thou' hast called our }  
From sense and sin, and fo

2 Here, ranged along the wat  
Where gently rolls the silen  
O what on earth can sweete  
Than thus to come and follo

When wanderers in the vale  
Enslaved by sins, and doubt  
Then thou didst come our so  
And gav'st us grace to follow

When darkness did our souls  
And o'er our heads the storm  
We saw no way for hope to fl  
But to obey and follow thee.

hough others, by tradition led  
efuse the path which thou did  
be baptized our joy shall be  
us we will follow none but th

L. M.

St.

*Baptism.*

how the willing converts w  
e path the great Redeemer

## DEDICATION OF CHILDREN.

I follow, through his liquid grave,  
The meek, the lowly Son of God!  
ere they renounce their former deeds,  
And to a heavenly life aspire :  
Their rags for glorious robes exchanged,  
They shine in clean and bright attire.

O sacred rite, by thee the name  
Of Jesus we to own begin :  
This is our resurrection pledge,  
Pledge of the pardon of our sin.

4 Glory to God on high be given,  
Who shows his grace to sinful men :  
Let saints on earth and hosts in heaven,  
In concert join their loud Amen.

**168.** 8s & 7s M. ANONYMOUS.

1 SAVIOUR! who thy flock art feeding  
With the shepherd's kindest care,  
All the feeble gently leading,  
While the lambs thy bosom share;

2 Now, these little ones receiving,  
Fold them in thy gracious arm;  
'There, we know—thy word believing—  
Only there, secure from harm.

3 Never, from thy pasture roving,  
Let them be the lion's prey;

Let thy te  
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Let the  
Feed u  
Drink

**169.**

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3

Let thy tenderness, so loving,  
Keep them all life's dangerous way;

4 Then within thy fold eternal  
Let them find a resting place;  
Feed them in pastures ever vernal,  
Drink the rivers of thy grace.

**169.**

S. M. ANONYMOUS.

*The Same.*

1 THE Saviour gently calls  
Our children to his breast;  
He folds them in his gracious arms;  
Himself declares them blest.

2 "Let them approach," he cries,  
"Nor scorn their humble claim;  
The heirs of heaven are such as these,—  
For such as these I came."

3 Gladly we bring them, Lord,  
Devoting them to thee;  
Imploring, that, as we are thine,  
Thine may our offspring be.

**170.**

L. M. PIERPONT.

*Ordination.*

1 O THOU, who art above all height,—  
Our God, our Father, and our Friend!  
Beneath thy throne of love and light  
*Let thine adoring children bend.*

2 We kneel in praise, that here is set  
A vine that by thy culture grew;  
We kneel in prayer that thou wouldst  
Its opening leaves with heavenly dew.

3 Since thy young servant now hath given  
Himself, his powers, his hopes, his fame,  
To the great cause of truth and health,  
Be thou his guide, O God of truth.

4 Here may his doctrines drop like rain,  
His speech like Hermon's dew distill,  
Till green fields smile, and golden grain  
Ripe for the harvest, waits thy will.

5 And when he sinks in death—by cause  
Or pain, or toil, or years oppressed,  
O God! remember thou our prayer,  
And take his spirit to thy rest.

## 171.

L. M. PIER

*Dedication.*

1 O bow thine ear, Eternal One!  
On thee our heart adoring calls;  
To thee the followers of thy Son  
Have raised, and now devote—these walls.

2 Here let thy holy days be kept;  
And be this place to worship given,  
Like that bright spot where Jacob saw  
*The house of God, the gate of heaven.*

3 Here may thine honor dwell; and

As incense, let thy children's prayer,  
 From contrite hearts and lips sincere,  
 Rise on the still and holy air.

- 4 Here be thy praise devoutly sung;  
 Here let thy truth beam forth to save,  
 As when, of old, thy spirit hung  
 On wings of light o'er Jordan's wave.
- 5 And when the lips, that with thy name  
 Are vocal now, to dust shall turn,  
 On others may devotion's flame  
 Be kindled here, and purely burn.

172.

L. M. FRANCIS.

*Conference of Ministers.*

- 1 BEFORE thy throne, Eternal King!  
 Thy ministers their tribute bring,—  
 Their tribute of united praise  
 For heavenly news and peaceful days.
- 2 We sing the conquests of thy sword,  
 And publish loud thy healing word;  
 While angels sound thy glorious name,  
 Thy saving grace our lips proclaim.
- 3 Thy various service we esteem  
 Our sweet employ, our bliss supreme;  
 And, while we feel thy heavenly love,  
 We burn like seraphim above.
- 4 Still in thy work would we abound;  
 Still prune the vine, or plough the ground;

173 CONFERENCE OF MINISTERS.

Thy sheep with wholesome pasture feed  
And watch them with unwearied heed:

5 Thou art our Lord, our life, our love,  
Our care below, our crown above :  
Thy praise shall be our blest employ,  
Thy presence our eternal joy.

173. L. M. THOMAS'S C.  
*The Same.*

1 Now we are met from different parts,  
May heavenly love inspire our hearts ;  
May all we do be done in love,  
Like those who meet to praise above.

2 May this a striking emblem be  
Of that great meeting all shall see,  
Where heavenly love tunes every cho<sup>r</sup>  
In pure hosannas to the Lord.

3 O may we feel the kindling glow  
Which ransomed spirits ever know ;  
In all we do, may we proclaim  
The praise of our Redeemer's name.

4 And when the scenes of life are o'er,  
And we shall meet on earth no more,  
In brighter scenes in realms above,  
We'll sing the song of endless love.

**174.** L. M. THOMAS'S COL.

*The Same.*

- 1 ASSEMBLED here, a brother band,  
Before thy face, O Lord, we stand :  
The voice that marshalled every star,  
Has called thy people from afar.
- 2 We meet, thro' distant lands to spread  
The truth for which the martyrs bled ;  
Our counsels aid—to each impart  
The single eye, the faithful heart.
- 3 We meet to feel the kindling glow  
Of heav'n in love on earth below ;  
O touch our lips with holy fire,  
And all our thoughts with grace inspire.
- 4 We meet, O Lord ! but we must part !  
O may each waiting brother's heart  
Behold that world, all parting o'er,  
Where we shall meet to part no more.

**175.** C. M. THOMAS'S COL.

*The Same.*

- 1 JOINED in a union firm and strong,  
No foe our ranks can break ;  
To victory we press along,  
And glorious warfare make.  
Darkness recedes, and sin shall die,  
Before our banners spread ;  
And foes of peace around us lie,  
Or far away have fled.

76 CONFERENCE OF MINISTERS.

2 Our fervent prayers shall still prevail  
Against a host of sins ;  
And angels every Christian hail  
Whose love a conquest wins.  
This warfare then let us pursue :  
The van our Captain leads ;  
Each conflict shall our strength renew  
To other glorious deeds.

3 Then let our ranks, more closely joined,  
With shield and buckler stand ;  
A kingdom we at last shall find,  
The promised spirit-land.  
Let all, with harmony of voice,  
In lofty praises join ;  
Let every soul in Christ rejoice,  
With rapture all divine.

4 The kindling flame begins to glow,  
Each heart grows warm with love ;  
And we enjoy, on earth below,  
The bliss of heaven above !  
O thus forever may we feel,  
And evermore display  
Devotion's pure and holy zeal,  
In Shiloh's chosen way.

76. 8s, 7s & 6s M. \*ANONYMOUS.

*The Same.*

WATCHMEN ! onward to your station;  
Blow the trumpet long and loud ;

CONFERENCE OF MINISTERS.

Preach the gospel of salvation,  
Speak to ev'ry gathering crowd :  
    See ! the day is breaking ;  
    See the saints awaking,  
No more in sadness bow'd.

2 Watchmen ! hail the rising glory  
    Of the great Messiah's reign ;  
Tell the Saviour's bleeding story,  
    Tell it to the list'ning train :  
        See his love revealing ;  
        See the Spirit sealing ;  
'Tis life amid the slain !

3 Watchmen ! as the clouds are flying,  
    As the doves in haste return,  
Thousands from amid the dying,  
    Flee to Christ, his love to learn :  
        All their sighs and sadness  
        Turn to joy and gladness,  
When they his grace discern.

4 Watchmen ! now lift up your voices ;  
    Tell the triumphs of your King,  
While the ransom'd host rejoices ;  
    Sing aloud, his praises sing :  
        See his arm victorious !  
        See his kingdom glorious,  
While heav'n's glad anthems sing.

177, 178

CHARITY.

C. M.

J. BROWNE.

177.

Charity to the Poor.

- 1 O, how can they look up to heaven,  
And ask for mercy there,  
Who never soothed the poor man's pang,  
Nor dried the orphan's tear?
- 2 Our Saviour was the healing friend  
Of poverty and pain ;  
And never did imploring wretch  
His garment touch in vain.
- 3 May we with humble effort take  
Example from above,  
And thence the active lesson learn  
Of charity and love.
- 4 But chiefly be the labor ours  
To shade the early plant ;  
To guard from ignorance and guilt  
The infancy of want ;
- 5 To graft the virtues, ere the bud  
The canker-worm has gnawed,  
And teach the rescued child to lisp  
Its gratitude to God.

178.

Charity for the Distressed. \*DODD

- 1 FATHER of mercies ! send us  
All powerful, from above,  
To form in our obedient son  
The image of thy love.

No more a weeping wife to mock,  
 Till all her hopes in anguish end ;  
 No more the trembling child to shock,  
 And sink the father in the fiend.

4 Still give us grace, almighty King !

Unwavering at our posts to stand,  
 Till grateful to thy shrine we bring  
 The tribute of a ransomed land ;

5 Which, from the pestilential chain

Of foul intemperance gladly free,  
 Shall spread an annal, free from stain,  
 To all the nations, and to thee.

**181.**

L. M.

DVER.

*Public Humiliation.*

1 **GREAT** Framer of unnumbered worlds  
 And whom unnumbered worlds adore !  
 Whose goodness all thy creatures share,  
 While nature trembles at thy power,—

2 Thine is the hand that moves the spheres,  
 That wakes the wind, and lifts the sea ;  
 And man, who moves the lord of earth,  
 Acts but the part assigned by thee.

3 While suppliant crowds implore thine aid,  
 To thee we raise the humble cry ;  
 Thine altar is the contrite heart,  
 Thine incense a repentant sigh.

TEMPERANCE.

180

3

3 The work of love, in faith begun,  
Hath prospered, by our Father's care ;  
And many a victory hath been won,  
The fruit of toilsomeness and prayer.

4 Almighty Parent ! still in thee  
Our spirits trust for strength divine ;  
Gird us with Heaven's own energy,  
And o'er our paths let wisdom shine.

5 The work of man's destruction stay ;  
The tide of fire still backward press ;  
Drive each delusive mist away,  
And every humble effort bless.

6 God of our fathers ! unto thee  
We bend the knee in fervent prayer :  
Let every heart from sin be free,  
And stamp thy blessed image there.

180. L. M. MRS. SIGOUR

Temperance Anniversary.

1 We praise thee, if one rescued so  
While the past year prolonged its 1  
Turned shuddering from the poison  
To health, and liberty, and light.

2 We praise thee, if one clouded 1  
Where broken hearts despairing  
Beheld the sure and husband cov  
Erect and in his perfect mind.

## 63. L. M. ANONYMOUS.

*National Blessings.*

- 1 GREAT God of nations ! now to thee  
Our hymn of gratitude we raise ;  
With humble heart, and bending knee,  
We offer thee our song of praise.
- 2 Thy name we bless, almighty God,  
For all the kindness thou hast shown  
To this fair land the pilgrims trod,  
This land we fondly call our own.
- 3 Here Freedom spreads her banner wide,  
And casts her soft and hallowed ray ;  
Here thou our fathers' steps didst guide  
In safety through their dangerous way.
- 4 We praise thee, that the gospel's light  
Through all our land its radiance sheds ;  
Dispels the shades of error's night,  
And heavenly blessings round us spreads.
- 5 Great God ! preserve us in thy fear ;  
In dangers still our guardian be ;  
O spread thy truth's bright precepts here ;  
Let all the people worship thee.

## 184. L. M. ANONYMOUS.

*National Celebration.*

- 1 O THOU, whose arm of power surrounds  
The vast creation's utmost bounds !

is day we deeply mourn our sins,  
Confess thy power, and bless thy rod ;  
Let us know thy pardoning love,  
And find in thee a guardian God.

C. M. ANONYMOUS.

32.

The Same.

ALMIGHTY Lord ! before thy throne  
Thy mourning people bend !  
"Tis on thy pardoning grace alone  
Our dying hopes depend.

2 Dark judgments, from thy heavy hand,  
Thy dreadful power display ;  
Yet mercy spares our guilty land,  
And still we live to pray.

3 How changed, alas ! are truths divine,  
For error, guilt and shame !  
What impious numbers, bold in sin,  
Disgrace the Christian name !

4 O turn us—turn us, mighty Lord !  
Convert us by thy grace ;  
Then shall our hearts obey thy word,  
And see again thy face.

5 Then, should oppressing foes invade,  
We will not sink in fear ;  
Secure of all-sufficient aid,  
When thou, O God, art near.

And study artful ways t' increase  
The speed of its career.

1 Waken, O God, my careless heart,  
Its great concern to see ;  
That I may act the Christian part,  
And give the year to thee.

So shall their course more grateful roll,  
If future years arise ;  
Or this shall bear my waiting soul  
To joys beyond the skies.

186.

S. M.

BEDDOM

*The Same.*

1 My few revolving years,  
How swift they glide away !  
How short the term of life appears,  
When past—but as a day !

2 A dark and cloudy day,  
Clouded by grief and sin ;  
A host of enemies without,  
Distressing fears within.

3 Lord, through another year  
If thou permit my stay,  
With diligence may I pursue  
The true and living way.

## New Year's Day.

- 1 GREAT God, we sing that mighty hand,  
By which, supported still, we stand ;  
The opening year thy mercy shows ;  
Let mercy crown it till it close.
- 2 By day, by night, at home, abroad,  
Still we are guarded by our God ;  
By his incessant bounty fed,  
By his unerring counsel led.
- 3 With grateful hearts the past we  
The future, all to us unknown,  
We to thy guardian care come  
And peaceful leave before thy
- 4 In scenes exalted or depress  
Be thou our joy, and thou  
Thy goodness all our hope  
Adored through all our ch
- 5 When death shall interr  
And seal in silence mo  
Our Helper, God, in  
In better worlds our

C. M.

WATTS.

*Thanksgiving.*

songs and honors sounding loud,  
Praise the Lord on high;  
In the heavens he spreads his cloud,  
Waters veil the sky.

Sends his showers of blessings down  
To cheer the plains below;  
akes the grass the mountains crow  
nd corn in valleys grow.

steady counsels change the face  
of the declining year;  
bids the sun cut short his race,  
nd wintry days appear.

hoary frost, his fleecy snow  
descend and clothe the ground;  
liquid streams forbear to flow,  
icy fetters bound.

sends his word, and melts the snow,  
he fields no longer mourn;  
calls the warmer gales to blow,  
nd bids the spring return.

changing wind, the flying cloud,  
bey his mighty word :  
h songs and honors sounding loud,  
raise ye the sovereign Lord.

'The summer suns with vigor shine  
To raise the corn and cheer the vine.

- 4 Thy hand, in autumn, richly pours  
Through all our coasts redundant stores;  
And winters, softened by thy care,  
No more the face of horror wear.
- 5 Seasons, and months, and weeks, and days,  
Demand successive songs of praise;  
And be the grateful homage paid,  
With morning light and evening shade.
- 6 And O may our harmonious tongue  
In worlds above pursue the song  
*And in those brighter courts ad-*  
*Where days and years revolve*

C. M. D. ANONYMOUS.

*The Seasons.*

Lord is good; the heav'nly King  
makes the earth his care;  
he pastures ev'ry spring,  
bids the grass appear :  
nes and seasons, days and hours,  
v'n, earth, and air, are thine;  
clouds distil in fruitful show'rs,  
Author is divine.

sten'd ridges of the field  
nit the corn to spring;  
alleys rich provision yield,  
all the lab'rers sing :  
rying months thy goodness crowns;  
beauteous are thy ways :  
eating flocks spread o'er the downs,  
shepherds shout thy praise.

C. M. D. ANONYMOUS.

*Spring.*

beauty clothes the fertile vale,  
blossoms on the spray,  
ignance breathes in ev'ry gale,  
sweet the vernal day :  
how the feather'd warblers sing!  
nature's cheerful voice;  
usic hails the lovely spring,  
woods and fields rejoice.

92

2 How kind the influence of the skies,  
 While show'rs, with blessings fraught,  
 Bid verdure, beauty, fragrance rise,  
 And fix the roving thought;  
 O, let my wond'ring heart confess,  
 With gratitude and love,  
 The bounteous Hand that deigns to bless  
 Each smiling field and grove.

3 That hand in this hard heart of mine  
 Can bid each virtue live:  
 While gentle show'rs of grace divine,  
 Life, beauty, fragrance give:  
 O, God of nature, God of grace,  
 Thy heav'nly gifts impart;  
 And bid sweet meditation trace  
 Spring blooming in my heart.

C. M. D. ANONYMOUS

192.

1 AT length the op'ning spring is come,  
 How joyous is the scene!  
 The air is fill'd with rich perfume,  
 The fields are dress'd in green:  
 I see my Saviour, from on high,  
 Break through the clouds and shiv  
 No creature now more bless'd than  
 No heart more glad than mine.

2 Thy word bids all my hopes revi  
 It overcomes my foes;

It makes my languid graces thrive  
And blossom like the rose :  
Thus, Lord, a monument I stand,  
Of what thy grace can do ;  
Still guide me with thy gentle hand,  
The changing seasons through.

**193.** C. M. D. ANONYMOUS.

*Harvest.*

To praise the ever-bounteons Lord,  
My soul, wake all thy pow'rs ;  
He calls, and at his voice, come forth  
The smiling harvest hours :  
His cov'nant with the earth he keeps ;  
My tongue his goodness sing ;  
Summer and winter know their time,  
The harvest crowns the spring.

**194.** S. M. SCOTT.

*Prayer in Sickness.*

- 1 My Sovereign, to thy throne  
With humble hope I press ;  
O bow thine ear, to hear the groan  
Of anguish and distress.
- 2 My life, bowed down with pain,  
Mourns its decaying bloom ;  
Lord, clothe these bones with flesh again,  
And save me from the tomb.

3 Without one murmuring word  
 Thy chastening I receive,  
 But with submission ask, O Lord,  
 A merciful reprieve.

4 My supplicating voice  
 Unwearied I will raise :  
 Say to thy servant's soul, rejoice,  
 And fill my mouth with praise.

## 195. C. M. DODDRIDGE

*Recovery from Sickness.*

1 LORD, in thy service I would spend  
 The remnant of my days :  
 Why was this fleeting breath renewed,  
 But to renew thy praise ?

2 Thy own almighty power and love  
 Did this weak frame sustain,  
 When life was hovering o'er the grave,  
 And nature sunk with pain.

3 Into thy hands, my Saviour God,  
 I did my Soul resign,  
 In firm dependence on that truth  
 Which made salvation mine.

4 From the dark borders of the grave  
 At thy command I come ;  
 Nor would I urge a speedier flight  
 To my celestial home.

5 Where thou shalt settle my abode,  
 There would I choose to be;

For in thy presence death is life,  
And earth is heaven with thee.

## 196. L. M. 81. ANONYMOUS

*Sickness of a Minister.*

- 1 O thou, before whose gracious throne  
We bow our suppliant spirits down,  
Thou know'st the anxious cares we see  
And all our trembling lips would tell :  
Thou, only, canst assuage our grief,  
And give our sorrowing hearts relief ;  
In mercy, then, thy servant spare,  
Nor turn aside thy people's prayer.
- 2 Avert thy desolating stroke,  
Nor smite the shepherd of the flock ;  
Restore him, sinking to the grave ;  
Stretch out thine arm, make haste to save  
Bound to each soul by tender ties,  
In every heart his image lies ;  
Thy pitying aid, O God, impart,  
Nor rend him from each bleeding heart.
- 3 But if our supplications fail,  
And prayers and tears cannot prevail,  
Be thou his Strength, be thou his Stay,  
Support him through the gloomy way.  
Around him may thine angels stand,  
Waiting the signal of thy hand,  
To bid his happy spirit rise,  
And bear him to their native skies.

C. M.

\*ADDISON.

197.

*The Traveller's Hymn.*

1 How are thy servants blest, O Lord!

How sure is their defence!  
Eternal Wisdom is their guide,  
Their help, Omnipotence.2 In foreign realms and lands remote,  
Supported by thy care,  
They pass unhurt through burning clim  
And breathe infectious air.3 Thy mercy sweetens every soil,  
Makes every region please;  
The hoary, frozen hills it warms,  
And smooths the boisterous seas.4 Though by the dreadful tempest to  
High on the broken wave,  
They know thou art not slow to h  
Nor impotent to save.5 The storm is laid, the winds reti  
Obedient to thy will;  
The sea, that roars at thy comm  
At thy command is still.6 In midst of dangers, fears, and  
Thy goodness we'll adore;  
And praise thee for thy merc  
And humbly hope for mor

## 48. L. M. 6 l. ANONYMOUS.

*The Mariner's Hymn.*

1 **LORD** of the sea!—thy potent sway  
 Old ocean's wildest waves obey;  
 The gale that whistles through the shrouds,  
 The storm that drives the frightened clouds—  
 If but thy whisper order peace,  
 How soon their rude commotions cease!

2 **Lord** of the sea!—the seaman keep  
 From all the dangers of the deep!  
 When high the white-capped billows rise,  
 When tempests roar along the skies,  
 When foes or shoals awaken fear,—  
 O! in thy mercy be thou near!

3 **Lord** of the sea!—when, safe from harm,  
 The sailor rests in slumbers calm,  
 May dreams of home his spirit cheer,—  
 Dreams that shall never false appear;  
 May thoughts of friends, and peace, and thee,  
 His solid consolations be !

4 **Lord** of the sea!—a sea is life,  
 Of care and sorrow, woe and strife!  
 With watchful pains we steer along,  
 To keep the right path, shun the wrong :  
 God grant, that after every roam,  
 We gain an everlasting home!

199.

1 Thy works of glory, mighty Lord!  
 The Same.  
 Thy wonders in the deeps,  
 The sons of courage shall record,  
 Who trade in floating ships.

2 At thy command the winds arise,  
 And swell the towering waves;  
 The men, astonished, mount the skies,  
 And sink in gaping graves.

3 Then to the Lord they raise their cries!  
 He hears their loud request,  
 And orders silence through the skies,  
 And lays the floods to rest.

4 Sailors rejoice to lose their fears,  
 And see the storm allayed :  
 Now to their eyes the port appears;  
 There let their vows be paid.

5 'Tis God that brings them safe to land  
 Let stupid mortals know  
 That waves are under his command  
 And all the winds that blow.

6 O that the sons of men would  
 The goodness of the Lord  
 And those that see thy wondrous love record

## A.D. 8s &amp; 7s M. ANONYMOUS.

*Wedding Hymn.*

1 ETERNAL God of truth above!  
 Bless thou the promise spoken;  
 And never may these bonds of love  
 By aught of ill be broken.  
 O ever may these plighted hearts,  
 Thy holy grace possessing,  
 Enjoy the bliss thy peace imparts,  
 In everlasting blessing.

2 In light and shadow, weal and woe,  
 In action and emotion,  
 Be ever theirs the joy to know  
 Of never-changed devotion.  
 O may remembrance of this hour  
 Inspire a charm for ever,  
 Whose kindling glow and holy power  
 Shall be forgotten never.

3 In thee, O Lord, be theirs to find  
 Their light, and joy, and glory;  
 And loving thee with heart and mind,  
 In wisdom walk before thee.  
 So may they feel a heaven below,  
 With thee in pure communion,  
 And be at last received to know  
 The joys of endless union.

## 201.

## Wedding Hymn.

1 WITH cheerful voices rise and sing  
The praises of our God and King;  
For he alone can minds unite,  
And bless with conjugal delight.

2 This youthful pair, O Lord, inspire  
With heavenly love, that sacred fire;  
From this blest moment may they prove  
The bliss divine of mutual love.

3 O may they both unceasing find  
Substantial pleasures of the mind;  
Prospered and happy may they be,  
And both united, Lord, to thee.

4 So may they live as truly one;  
And, when their work on earth is done,  
Rise, hand in hand, to heaven, and share  
The joys of love forever there.

ANONYMOUS HYMNS.

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C. M. ANONYMOUS.

*essence of Christ.*

nd, and warm each languid heart,  
each lifeless tongue;  
the joys of heav'n impart  
flu'nce to our song.

rd, thy love alone can raise  
the heav'nly flame;  
our lips resound thy praise,  
we adore thy name.

I am wear,  
Hold me with thy  
Bread of heaven,  
Feed me till I want no more.

2 Open thou the crystal fountain,  
Whence the healing waters flow:  
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar  
Lead me all my journey through:

Strong Deliv'rer,  
Be thou still my strength and shield.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,  
Bid my anxious fears subside;  
Death of death, and sin's destruction,  
Land me safe on Canaan's side:

Songs of praises  
I will ever give to thee.

7s M. ANONY

~~Look on his works, ye faint-hearted.~~  
Doubt no more his pow'r to save.

**5.**

**7s M. ANONYMOUS.**

*Prayer for Devotion.*

'OUNT of everlasting love!  
Rich thy streams of mercy are,  
Flowing freely from above;  
Beauty marks their course afar.  
Lo! thy Church, thy garden now,  
Blooms beneath the heav'nly show'r;  
Sinners feel, and melt, and bow;  
Mild, yet mighty is thy pow'r.  
God of grace! before thy throne,  
Here our warmest thanks we bring;  
Thine the glory, thine alone;  
Loudest praise to thee we sing.

MISCELLANEOUS

No rude alarms of  
No cares to break  
No midnight shad  
But sacred, high  
[F

209. P

1 Sov'reign  
Let this !  
O bid th  
And po

2 Set up  
In w  
Far  
An

Show'm  
21

side alarms of raging foes;  
cares to break the long repose;  
midnight shade, no clouded sun,  
but sacred, high, eternal noon.

[End with the first verse.]

**209.** L. M. ANONYMOUS.

*Prayer for Truth.*

- 1 Sov'reign of worlds! display thy pow'r,  
Let this be Zion's favor'd hour;  
O bid the morning star arise;  
And point the heathen to the skies.
- 2 Set up thy throne where error reigns,  
In western wilds, and heathen plains;  
Far let the gospel's sound be known,  
And make the universe thine own.
- 3 Speak! and the world shall hear thy voice;  
Speak! and the desert shall rejoice;  
Scatter the gloom of heathen night,  
Bid ev'ry nation hail the light.

**210.** 7s & 6s M. \*ANONYMOUS.

*Praise to the Saviour.*

- 1 To Thee, my Lord and Saviour,  
My soul exulting sings;  
Rejoicing in thy favor,  
Thou gracious King of kings!

1 I'll celebrate thy glory  
 With all thy saints above,  
 And tell the joyful story  
 Of thy redeeming love.

2 Soon as the morn with roses  
 Bedecks the dewy east,  
 And when the sun reposes  
 Upon the ocean's breast;  
 My voice in supplication,  
 My Saviour, thou shalt hear :  
 O grant me thy salvation,  
 And to my soul draw near.

3 By thee, through life supported,  
 I pass the dang'rous road,  
 With heav'ly hosts escorted,  
 Up to their bright abode :  
 Then cast my crown before thee  
 And all my conflicts o'er,  
 Unceasingly adore thee;  
 What could an angel more!

211. 7s & 6s M. \* AND  
*Prayer and Praise.*

1 To thee, in youth's bright m<sup>orn</sup>  
 Father of all we pray ;  
 While thought and fancy da  
 Lead on the rising day ;  
 To thee, in life's last ever  
 We'll tune our feeblest

Feel all our sins forgiven,  
And softly sleep in death.  
2 When from death's sleep we 'waken  
No fears shall us surprise ;  
All earthly things forsaken,  
What joys shall meet our eyes !  
With raptures then increasing,  
For ever we'll rejoice ;  
And praises, never-ceasing,  
Shall wake each tuneful voice.

**212.** 7s & 6s M. ANONYM

*Departure of Missionaries.*

1 ROLL on thou mighty ocean !  
And as thy billows flow,  
Bear messengers of mercy  
To ev'ry land below.  
Arise ye gales and waft them  
Safe to the destin'd shore  
That man may sit in darkness  
And death's black shade !

2 O thou Eternal Ruler !  
Who holdest in thine arm  
The tempests of the ocean  
Deliver them from harm.  
Thy presence still be with  
Wherever they may be  
Though far from us who  
O let them be with us

\* ANDREW.

" bright morning  
prey ;  
fancy dawning,  
ng day ;  
our eyes,  
older breathe ;

C. M.

\*ANONYMOUS.

**213.**

*A Look from the Cross.*

- 1 I saw one hanging on a tree,  
In agony, and blood,  
Who fix'd his languid eyes on me,  
As near the cross I stood.
- 2 Sure, never to my latest breath  
Can I forget that look ;  
It seem'd to charge me with his death,  
Though not a word he spoke.
- 3 Alas, I knew not what I did,  
But all my tears were vain ;  
Where could my trembling soul be hid,  
For Christ the Lord was slain.
- 4 A second look he gave which said,  
"I freely all forgive ;  
This blood is for thy ransom paid ;  
I die that thou may'st live."

C. M. \*ANONYMO

**214.**

*In Darkness.*

- 1 Hear, gracious God, my humble m  
To thee, I breathe my sighs ;  
When will the mournful night be  
And when my joys arise ?
- 2 My God ! O I would make the cle  
My Father and my Friend,

call thee mine, by ev'ry name,  
In which thy saints depend.

ev'ry name, of pow'r and love,  
I would thy grace entreat,  
Or shall my humble hopes remove,  
Nor leave the sacred seat.

et, though my soul in darkness mourns,  
Thy word is all my stay ;  
Here I would rest 'till light returns,  
Thy presence makes my day.

**15.** C. M. COWPER.

*Walk with God.*

- 1 O FOR a closer walk with God,  
A calm and heav'ly frame ;  
A light to shine upon the road  
That leads me to the Lamb !
- 2 What peaceful hours I once enjoy'd ;  
How sweet their mem'ry still !  
But they have left an aching void  
The world can never fill.
- 3 Return, O holy Dove, return,  
Sweet messenger of rest ;  
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,  
And drove thee from my breast.
- 4 The dearest idol I have known,  
Whate'er that idol be,

6, 217 MISCELLANEOUS HYMNS.

1 Help me to tear it from thy throne,  
And worship only thee.

5 So shall my walk be close with God,  
Calm and serene my frame ;  
So purer light shall mark the road  
That leads me to the Lamb.

\*ANONYM

216. Trust in God. 8s M.

THIS God is the God we adore,  
Our faithful unchangeable friend  
Whose love is as large as his pow'r  
And knows neither measure no'.

Jehovah, the first and the last,  
Whose Spirit shall guide us still,  
We'll praise him for all that is,  
And trust him for all that's yet to be.

217. Exhortation to Sinners. 8s, 7s & 4s M. A

1 SINNERS, will you scorn  
Coming from the court of heaven,  
Mercy beams in ev'ry p'r,  
Ev'ry line is full of love,  
'O receive it !

2 Now the heralds of  
Joyful news aloud proclaim,

罪人蒙赦，  
藉着全贖的羔羊！  
受恩，  
藉着全贖的羔羊！

**218.** 7s M. ANONYMOUS.

*Christ's Reign.*

- 1 **WAKE** the song of jubilee ;  
Let it echo o'er the sea,  
Let it sound from shore to shore,  
Jesus reigns for evermore.
- 2 Now the desert lands rejoice,  
And the islands join their voice ;  
Now the whole creation sings,  
Jesus is the King of kings.

**219.** P. M. ANONYMOUS.

*Christ Precious.*

- 1 How precious is the name, brethren sing,  
brethren sing,  
How precious is the name, brethren sing,  
How precious is the name of Christ our Pas-  
chal Lamb,  
Who bore our sin and shame, on the tree, on  
the tree.
- 2 I've given all for Christ, he's my all, he's  
my all,  
I've given all for Christ, he's my all.

His name I know  
4 I feel the love of  
I feel the soul.  
I feel the love of God in my soul.  
I feel the love of God, in my heart.  
abroad,  
And I will serve my God here below, here  
below.

ANONYMOR

220.

C. M.

The Jubilee.

1 WHAT heavenly music do I hear,  
Salvation sounding free?  
Ye souls in bondage lend an ear,  
This is the Jubilee.

2 How sweetly do the tidings roll,  
All round from sea to sea,  
From land to land, from pole to pole,  
This is the Jubilee.

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news, good news, to Adam's race ;  
 Let Christians all agree  
 To sing redeeming Love and Grace,  
 This is the Jubilee.

The gospel sounds a sweet release  
 To all in misery,  
 And bids them welcome home to peace,  
 This is the Jubilee.

5 Jesus is on his mercy seat,  
 Before him bend the knee ;  
 Let heaven and earth his praise repeat,  
 This is the Jubilee.

6 Sinners, be wise, return and come  
 Unto the Saviour free ;  
 The Spirit bids you welcome home,  
 This is the Jubilee.

7 Come, ye redeem'd, your tribute bring,  
 With songs of harmony ;  
 While on the road to Canaan sing,  
 This is the Jubilee.

**221.** 11s & 8s M. ANONYMOUS.  
*Christ the Beloved.*

1 O thou, in whose presence my soul takes  
 delight,  
 On whom in affliction I call,  
 My comfort by day, and my song in the night,  
 My hope, my salvation, my all ;

hou at noontide resort with thy

the pastures of love ?

valley of death do I weep,  
the wilderness rove ?

ld I wander an alien from thee,  
the desert for bread ;  
rejoice, when my sorrows they

it the tears I have shed.  
of Zion, declare, have ye seen  
it on Israel shone ?  
r tents my beloved has been,  
with his flocks he is gone ?

beloved, his form divine,  
its shed odors around ;  
his head are as grapes on the

an with plenty is crown'd.  
Sharon, the lilies that grow  
, on the banks of the streams,  
in the beauty of excellence

s are as quivers of beams

s the sound of the d

ough the shadows of  
Lebanon bow

the Lips as a fountain  
That waters the land  
In which their

know,

And bask in the

Love sits in his heart  
Through all their days  
Their faces they

And tremble

He looks, a

And my

He speaks

Re-ec

222

1 C

T

rips as a fountain of righteousness flow,  
That waters the garden of grace ;  
From which their salvation the Gentiles shall  
know,  
And bask in the smiles of his face.

5 Love sits in his eyelids, and scatters delight  
Through all the bright mansions on high ;  
Their faces the cherubins veil in his sight,  
And tremble with fulness of joy.  
He looks, and ten thousands of angels rejoice,  
And myriads wait for his word ;  
He speaks—and eternity, fill'd with his voice,  
Re-echoes the praise of her Lord.

**222.** 10s & 11s M. \*ANONYMOUS.  
*The Believer's Joy.*

1 O TELL me no more of this world's vain  
store,  
The time for such trifles with me now is o'er ;  
A country I've found, where true joys abound,  
To dwell I'm determin'd on that happy ground.

2 The souls that believe, in paradise live,  
And me in that number, will Jesus receive ;  
My soul, don't delay—he calls thee away,  
Rise, follow thy Saviour, and bless the glad  
day.

3 No mortal doth know what he can bestow,  
What light, strength, and comfort—go after  
him, go : 211

Lo ! onward I move to a city of love ;  
None judges how wondrous my journey will  
prove.

4 Great spoils I shall win, from error and sin,  
'Midst outward afflictions shall feel Christ  
within :  
And when I'm to die, receive me, I'll cry,  
For Jesus hath lov'd me, I cannot tell why.

C. M. D. ANONYMOUS

223.

The Same.

1 How happy ev'ry child of grace,  
Who knows his sins forgiv'n !

This earth, he cries, is not my place,  
I seek my place in heaven !

A country far from mortal sight :

Yet, O ! by faith I see

The land of rest, the saints' delight

The heaven prepar'd for me.

2 O what a blessed hope is ours,  
While here on earth we stay !

We more than taste the heavenly  
And antedate that day :

We feel the resurrection near,

Our life in Christ conceal'd

And with his glorious presen'

Our earthen vessels fill'd.

3 O would he more of heav'

And let the vessels bre'

ransom'd spirits go,  
the God we seek ;  
s awe on him to gaze,  
ight the sight for me,  
and wonder at his grace  
all eternity.

11s M. \*ANONYMOUS.  
*Saint's Sweet Home.*

es of confusion and fruitless  
uints,  
o my soul is communion with  
banquet of mercy there's room,  
e presence of Jesus at home!  
sweet, sweet home,  
eat Saviour, for glory, my home.

s that unite all the children of  
scious Jesus, whose love cannot  
thy presence in sadness I roam,  
ld thee, in glory, at home.

this body of sin to be free,  
s my joy and communion with

ly temptations like billows may

All, all will be peace, when -

4 While here in the valley of conflict I <sup>sw.</sup>  
O give me submission and strength as my day;  
In all my afflictions to thee would I come,

5 Whate'er thou deniest, O give me thy grace;  
Rejoicing in hope of my glorious home.

The Spirit's sure witness, and smiles of thy  
face;

Indulge me with patience to wait at thy throne,  
And find even now a sweet foretaste of home

6 I long, dearest Lord, in thy beauties to shiv  
No more as an exile, in sorrow to pine,  
And in thy dear image arise from the 't  
With glorified millions to praise thee, at'

Home, home, sweet, sweet home,  
Receive me, dear Saviour, in glory, r

11s M. \*AN<sup>o</sup>

The Same.

225.

1 An alien from God, and a str<sup>r</sup>  
I wandered through earth, its  
to trace;

In the pathway; alas! that it led  
Unmindful, alas! that it led

Home, home, sweet, sweet,  
O Saviour! direct me t

## MISCELLANEOUS HYMNS.

pleasures of earth I have seen for a bloom for a season, but soon the pleasures more lasting in Jesus salvation on earth, and a mansion in Home, home, sweet, sweet home the saints in those mansions are ever

**3 Allure me, no longer, ye false charms!**

The Saviour invites me, I'll go to At the banquet of mercy I hear there O there may I feast with his children Home, home, sweet, sweet home O Jesus, conduct me to heaven, my

**4 Farewell, vain amusements, my adieu,**

While Jesus, and heaven, and glory I feast on the pleasures that flow from the throne,

The foretaste of heaven, sweet home Home, home, sweet, sweet home

O when shall I share the fruition of

**5 The days of our exile are passing**  
The time is approaching when Jesus "Come to me, all the world; sit down on the throne,

And dwell in my presence forever a Home, home, sweet, sweet home O there I shall rest with the Saviour

6 Ann' o'er,  
The saints shall u-  
Their loud hallelujahs u-  
They dwell with the Saviour  
Home, home, sweet, sweet home-  
They dwell with the Saviour forever at ho-

\*ANONYMOUS.

226. 8s & 7s M.

The Gloom of Autumn.

1 HAIL, ye sighing sons of sorrow,  
View with me autumnal gloom ;  
Learn from thence your fate to-morrow ;  
Dead, perhaps, laid in the tomb !  
See all nature fading, dying,  
Silent all things seem to mourn ;  
Life from vegetation flying,  
Brings to mind the mould'ring urn.

2 Oft autumnal tempests rising,  
Make the lofty forests nod ;  
Scenes of nature how surprising !  
Read in nature, nature's God.  
See the God, the great Creator,  
Lives eternal in the sky.  
While we mortals yield to nat  
Bloom a while, then fade &

3 What to me are autumn's tr  
Since I know no earthy  
Long I've lost all youth's

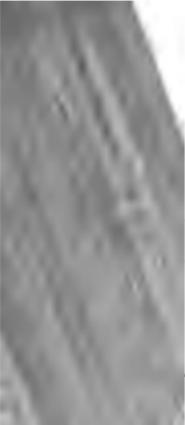
## MISCELLANEOUS HYMNS.

Time must youth and health destr  
,asures once I fondly courted,  
Shar'd each bliss that youth besto  
But to see where then I sported,  
Now embitters all my joys.

4 Age and sorrow since have blasted  
Every youthful, pleasing dream,  
Quiv'ring age with youth contrasted,  
O how short their glories seem !  
As the annual frosts are cropping  
Leaves and tendrils from the trees  
So my friends are yearly dropping,  
Through old age and dire disease.

5 Former friends, how oft I've sought  
Just to cheer my drooping mind ;  
But they're gone like leaves in autumn  
Driven before the dreary wind.  
When a few more years I've wasted  
When a few more springs are o'er,  
When a few more griefs I've tasted,  
I shall live to die no more.

6 Fast my sun of life's declining,  
I must sleep in death's dark night  
But my hope, pure and resigning,  
Rests in future life and light.  
Cease this trembling, fainting, sighing  
Christ will burst the silent gloom  
Then the spirit upwards flying,  
Shall be borne beyond the tomb



3 Dear  
Shall ne-  
Till all the ransou-  
Be sav'd to sin no mu-

4 E'er since by faith I saw the strea-  
Thy flowing wounds supply,  
Redeeming love has been my theme,  
And shall be—till I die.

5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,  
I'll sing thy pow'r to save,  
When this poor lisping, stammering to  
Lies silent in the grave.

228. 8s & 7s M. ANONY

1 GENTLY, Gently Lead us.  
Through this lonely vale of u  
218

ough the changes thou'st decreed us,  
fill our last great change appears.  
hen temptation's darts assail us,  
When in devious paths we stray,  
Let thy goodness never fail us;  
Lead us in thy perfect way.

2 In the hour of pain and anguish,  
In the hour when death draws near,  
Suffer not our hearts to languish,  
Suffer not our souls to fear.  
And when mortal life is ended,  
Bid us in thine arms to rest,  
Till, by angel bands attended,  
We awake among the blest.

229. 11s M. ANONYMOUS.

*Zion's Triumph.*

1 DAUGHTER of Zion ! awake from thy  
sadasess !  
Awake ! for thy foes shall oppress thee no  
more;  
Bright o'er the hills dawns the day-star o  
gladness;  
Arise! for the night of thy sorrows is o'er.

2 Strong were thy foes ; but the arm th  
subdued them,  
And scatter'd their legions, was mightie

230 MISCELLANEOUS HYMNS.

They fled, like the chaff, from the scourge  
that pursued them;

Vain were their arms and their chariots of war.

3 Daughter of Zion, the Pow'r that hath  
sav'd thee,

Extoll'd with the harp and the timbrel should  
be;

Shout! for the foe is destroy'd that enslav'd  
thee,

Th' oppressor is vanquish'd, and Zion is free.

230. 8s & 7s M. \*ANONYMOUS.

*Heavenly Union.*

1 We soon shall break all nature's ties,  
On wings of love our souls shall rise,  
And shout salvation through the skies,  
And win the mark, and gain the prize,  
And feel a blessed union.

2 And when we reach the blissful plains  
Where love divine immortal reigns,  
We'll bid adieu to all our pains,  
And join the sweet angelic strains,  
In one eternal union.

3 There we shall see as we are seen,  
Without a dimming veil between;  
And not a cloud shall intervene,  
*But all is pleasant and serene*  
*In climes of perfect union.*

Here we shall reign eternally,  
And praise the Lamb that sets us free,  
Who groan'd and died upon the tree,  
That we might his salvation see,  
And feel this blessed union.

Almighty God! each heart and tongue  
To thee shall raise a glorious song;  
All praises to thy name belong :  
Let Zion sing, Thy kingdom come,  
And fill the world with union.

And when the final trump shall sound,  
And wake the nations under ground,  
Our spirits gladly shall obey,  
And fly to everlasting day;  
Then sweet will be this union.

Divisions then will all be o'er,  
And party spirit reign no more :  
The church triumphant will be pure,  
And all God's people dwell secure,  
Where none can break their union.

7s M. MONTGOMERY.

*Song of Jubilee.*

Up ! the song of Jubilee,  
As mighty thunders roar,  
The fulness of the sea,  
It breaks upon the shore.

Hallelujah ! for the Lord  
God omnipotent shall reign;  
Hallelujah ! let the word  
Echo round the earth and main.

2 Hallelujah ! hark ! the sound,  
From the centre to the skies,  
Wake above, beneath, around,  
All creation's harmonies :  
See Jehovah's banners furl'd ;  
Sheath'd his sword :—he speaks ; 'tis done,  
And the kingdoms of this world  
Are the kingdoms of his Son.

3 He shall reign from pole to pole  
With illimitable sway  
He shall reign, when like a scroll  
Yonder heav'ns have pass'd away :  
Then the end ;—beneath his rod  
Man's last enemy shall fall ;  
Hallelujah ! Christ in God,  
God in Christ is all in all.

232.

7s & 6s M.

1 FROM *Missionary Hymn.*  
From Greenland's icy mount  
From India's coral strand,  
Where Afric's sunny founts  
Roll down their golden' 222

H

## MISCELLANEOUS HYMNS.

From many an ancient river,  
From many a palmy plain,  
They call us to deliver  
Their land from error's chain!

2 What though the spicy breezes  
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,  
Though every prospect pleases,  
And only man is vile :  
In vain with lavish kindness,  
The gifts of God are strown,  
The heathen in his blindness  
Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Can we, whose souls are lighted  
With wisdom from on high,  
Can we to man benighted  
The lamp of life deny ?  
Salvation ! Oh salvation !  
The joyful sound proclaim,  
Till each remotest nation  
Has learn'd Messiah's name !

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,  
And you, ye waters, roll,  
Till, like a sea of glory,  
It spreads from pole to pole;  
Till o'er our ransom'd nature,  
The Lamb for sinners slain,  
Redeemer, King, Creator,  
In bliss returns to reign!

**233.**

Social Meeting.

1 Draw nigh to us, Jehovah!

In our social meeting;

In this propitious hour,

Oh may we feel thy power,

In this social meeting.

2 Draw nigh to us, blest Jesus,

In our social meeting;

Oh may we find thy favor,

Thou ever blessed Saviour,

In this social meeting.

3 Draw nigh to us, blest Spirit,

In our social meeting;

Convince and renovate us,

Anew in Christ create us,

In this social meeting.

C. P. M. ANC

**234.**

The Pilgrim's Lot.

1 How happy is the pilgrim's lot.

How free from every anxious

From worldly hope and fear

Confined to neither court nor

His soul disdains on earth to

He only sojourns here.

2 This happiness in part is

MISCELLANY

From many an ancient river,  
From many a palmy plain,  
They call us to deliver  
Their land from error's chain!

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Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,  
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Redeemer, King, Creator,  
In bliss returns to reign !

233, 234 MISCELLANEOUS HYMNS.

**233.** 7s & 6s M. ANONYM

*Social Meeting.*

1 DRAW nigh to us, Jehovah!  
In our social meeting;  
In this propitious hour,  
Oh may we feel thy power,  
In this social meeting.

2 Draw nigh to us, blest Jesus,  
In our social meeting;  
Oh may we find thy favor,  
Thou ever blessed Saviour,  
In this social meeting.

3 Draw nigh to us, blest Spirit,  
In our social meeting;  
Convince and renovate us,  
Anew in Christ create us,  
In this social meeting.

**234.** C. P. M. ANONYM

*The Pilgrim's Lot.*

1 How happy is the pilgrim's lot;  
How free from every anxious thought  
From worldly hope and fear!  
Confined to neither court nor cell,  
His soul despairs on earth to dwell;—  
He only sojourns here.

2 This happiness in part is mine

**B.** C. M. MRS. HEMANS.*Peace, be Still.*

**F**EAR was within the tossing bark,  
When stormy winds grew loud,  
And waves came rolling high and dark,  
And the tall mast was bowed.

**2** And men stood breathless in their dread,  
And baffled in their skill—  
But One was there, who rose and said  
To the wild sea, Be still !

**3** And the wind ceased—it ceased—that word  
Passed through the gloomy sky ;  
The troubled billows knew their Lord,  
And sank beneath his eye.

**4** And slumber settled on the deep,  
And silence on the blast,  
As when the righteous falls asleep,  
When death's fierce throes are past.

**5** Thou that didst rule the angry hour,  
And tanie the tempest's mood,—  
Oh ! send thy Spirit forth in power,  
O'er our dark souls to brood !

**6** Thou that didst bow the billows' pride,  
Thy mandates to fulfil,—  
So speak to passion's raging tide,  
Speak, and say—“ Peace, be still !”

I wandered over the hill,  
Though nature all around was gay,  
My heart was heavy still.

2 Can God, I thought, the just, the great  
These meaner creatures bless,  
And yet deny to man's estate,  
The boon of happiness ?

3 Tell me, ye woods, ye smiling plains,  
Ye blessed birds around,  
In which of nature's wide domains  
Can bliss for man be found ?

4 The birds wild carolled o'er my head,  
The breeze around me blew,  
And nature's awful chorus said—  
No bliss for man she knew.

—<sup>—</sup> mentioned Love, whose early ray

MISCELLANEOUS HYMNS.

11s M. \*CUNNING)

*Mary at the Sepulchre.*

W<sup>m</sup> sweet, in the musing of faint  
repair

To the garden where Mary deligh<sup>t</sup>  
rove :

To sit by the tomb where she breathes  
fond prayer,

And paid her sad tribute of sorrow  
love ;

To see the bright beam which dispels  
her fear,

As the Lord of her soul breaks th<sup>e</sup>  
of his prison,

And the voice of the angel salutes her  
ear,—

The Lord is a captive no more—‘  
risen !’

O Saviour! as oft as our footsteps w<sup>m</sup>  
In penitent sadness to weep at thy  
On the wings of thy greatness in pi-  
scend,

Be ready to comfort and ‘mighty to  
We shrink not from scenes of de-  
and woe,

For there we meet with the Lord  
love ;

Contented, with Mary, to sorrow ‘  
As, with her, we shall drink of  
tains above. ’

2 A dark, inevitable night ;  
 A blank that will remain ;  
 A waiting for the morning light,  
 When waiting is in vain ;  
 A gulf where the pathway never led  
 To show the depth beneath ;  
 A thing we know not, yet we dread,—  
 That dreaded thing is Death.

3 The vaulted void of purple sky,  
 That everywhere extends,  
 That stretches from the dazzled eye,  
 In space that never end :  
 A morning, whose uprisen sun  
 No setting e'er shall see ;  
 A day that comes without a noon,—  
 Such is Eternity.

**241.** L. M. 6 l. ANONYMOUS.  
*Morning Star.*

1 STAR of the morn, whose placid ray  
 Beamed mildly o'er yon sacred hill,  
 While whispering zephyrs seemed to ~~as~~  
 As silence slept and earth was still,  
 Hail, harbinger of gospel light !  
 Dispel the shades of nature's night !

2 I saw thee rise on Salem's towers,  
 I saw thee shine on gospel lands,  
 And Gabriel summoned all his pow'rs,  
 And waked to ecstacy his band

Sweet cherubs hailed thy rising ray,  
And sang the dawn of gospel day !

3 Shine, lovely star ! on every clime,  
For bright thy peerless beauties be ;  
Gild with thy beam the wing of time,  
And shed thy rays from sea to sea ;  
Then shall the world from darkness rise,  
Millennial glories cheer our eyes !

**242.** L. M. 6 l. ANONYMOUS.

*God Everywhere.*

I ABOVE—below—where'er I gaze,  
Thy guiding finger, Lord, I view,  
Traced in the midnight planets' blaze,  
Or glistening in the morning dew ;  
Whate'er is beautiful or fair,  
Is but thine own reflection there.

I hear thee in the stormy wind,  
That turns the ocean-wave to foam ;  
Nor less thy wondrous power I find,  
When summer airs around me roam ;  
The tempest and the calm declare  
himself,—for thou art every where.

nd thee in the noon of night,  
And read thy name in every star,  
it drinks its splendor from the light  
that flows from mercy's beaming ear.



Shrinks from the wonders I beh  
That ray of glory bright and fair,  
Is but thy living shadow there.

5 Thine is the silent noon of night,  
The twilight eve—the dewy mo  
Whate'er is beautiful and bright,  
Thine hands have fashioned to  
Thy glory walks in every sphere,  
And all things whisper, "God is h

**243.**                   L. M.                   C  
*Sin the cause of Fear.*

1 TELL me, my soul, O tell me v  
The faltering tongue, the broke  
Why is my cheek bedewed with  
And whence arise my coward fe

2 When conscious guilt arrests the  
Avenging furies stalk behind ;  
And sickly fancy intervenes,  
To dress the visionary scenes.

3 Jesus ! to thee I flee for aid :

MISCELLANEOUS HYMNS.

A. C. M.

*Funeral Hymn.*

1 Beneath our feet, and o'er  
Is equal warning given ;  
Beneath us lie the countless dead  
Above us is the heaven !

2 Their names are graven on the stones,  
Their bones are in the clay,  
And ere another day is done,  
Ourselves may be as they.

3 Death rides on every passing hour,  
He lurks in every flower ;  
Each season has its own disease,  
Its peril every hour !

4 Our eyes have seen the rosy dawn  
Of youth's soft cheek decay,  
And fate descend in sudden night  
On manhood's middle day.

5 Our eyes have seen the steps of death,  
Halt feebly t'wards the tomb,  
And yet shall earth our hearts receive,  
And dreams of days to come.

6 Turn, mortal, turn ! thy danger comes,  
Where'er thy foot can tread,  
The earth rings hollow from thy steps,  
And warns thee of her doom.

**246.**

*The Answer.*

- 1 BUT if our thoughts are fixed aright,  
A cheering hope is given,  
Though here our prospects end in night,  
We meet again in heaven.
- 2 Yes, if our hopes are raised above,  
'Tis sweet when thus we sever,  
Since parting in a Saviour's love,  
We part to meet for ever !

L. M. Miss S. B. Wix

**247.**

*Dedication.*

- 1 LOWLY we bend before thy throne,  
Meek suppliants, Eternal One,  
And crave acceptance of the plan  
Which to thy praise we dedicate.

at temples reared by art alone,  
 Thy gracious presence, Lord, may own,  
 But earth, and air, and sky, and sea,  
 Are filled with thy immensity.

3 Yet, Father, pour upon this place,  
 The special favors of thy grace ;  
 Ever vouchsafe thy presence here,  
 With guardian care and listening ear.

4 Oh, here may truth, and love divine,  
 In their celestial garments shine,  
 And win the heart to their embrace—  
 While grateful homage wake thy praise.

5 Oh, grant that here be ever heard  
 The truths from out thy sacred word—  
 A balm, the sin-sick to restore—  
 A light, that none may wander more.

**248.** 8s & 7s. Miss S. B. WINSLOW  
*Ordination.*

1 **M**AY thy blessings, Oh Jehovah,  
 On thy servant freely fall,  
 Who forever to thy service  
 Consecrates his life—his all ;  
 And while in thy vineyard toiling,  
 Tho' dark tempests gather round  
 Still, in Jesus's footsteps fall'wing,  
 Faithful to his trust be found.

SONGS.

saken,  
to bear,  
salvation  
nay share.  
attle,  
girded on—  
he cease not  
a.

8

4

or—  
must meet.—  
r's banner,  
field retreat.  
thy wisdom  
here ;  
more his spirit,  
liss to share.

ANONYMOUS.

Dove has flown  
nest,  
rld all o'er  
east.

very lawn,  
s her train,  
ower to flower,  
a vain.

ought her in the grove of love,  
I knew her tender heart,  
t she had flown, a peaceful Dove,  
Nor felt the traitor's dart.

on ambition's craggy hill,  
This pensive bird might stray,  
ought her there, but vainly still,  
She never flew that way.

th smiled and shed a silent tear  
To see me search around,  
en whispered "I will tell thee where  
The Dove may yet be found.

y meek Religion's humble cot  
She builds her downy nest,  
seek that sweet secluded spot,  
And win her to thy breast."

1. C. M. WATTS.

*Vanity of Man as mortal.*

ACH me the measure of my days,  
Thou Maker of my frame ;  
ould survey life's narrow space,  
And learn how frail I am.

span is all that we can boast,  
An inch or two of time;  
n is but vanity and dust,  
In all his flow'r and prime.

1100  
But all their noise -

4 Some walk in honor's gaudy show,  
Some dig for golden ore;  
They toil for heirs, they know not who  
And straight are seen no more.

5 What should I wish or wait for then,  
From creatures, earth and dust?  
They make our expectations vain,  
And disappoint our trust.

6 Now I forbid my carnal hope,  
My fond desires recall;  
I give my mortal int'rest up,  
And make my God my all.

251.

L. M.  
Funeral Hymn.

Jesus slept ;—God's dying Son  
Passed through the grave, and blessed the  
bed ;  
Rest here, blessed saint, till from his throne  
The morning break, and pierce the shade.

4 Break from his throne, illustrious morn !  
Attend, O earth ! his sovereign word ;  
Restore thy trust—a glorious form—  
Called to ascend and meet the Lord.

**252.** C. M. WATTS.

*Heartless Worship an Abomination.*

1 God is a spirit just and wise,  
He sees our inmost mind ;  
In vain to heaven we raise our cries,  
And leave our souls behind.

2 Nothing but truth before his throne  
With honor can appear ;  
The painted hypocrites are known  
Through the disguise they wear.

3 Their lifted eyes salute the skies,  
Their bending knees the ground ;  
But God abhors the sacrifice  
Where not the heart is found.

4 Lord, search my thoughts, and try my ways,  
And make my soul sincere ;  
Then shall I stand before thy face,  
And find acceptance there.



Is seen through every gathering sto  
Companion of his way;

2 Thou, on his infant lips dost press  
Thy signet with a smile,  
And on through nature's weariness  
His pilgrimage beguile.

3 When disappointments wake regret  
Or dangers threaten loud,  
He scarce can shrink, ere thou dost  
Thy rainbow in the cloud.

4 He scarce can weep, ere thou art n  
To prisun the falling tear,  
To snatch the half-unuttered sigh,  
And paint thy visions clear.

5 But chiefly, when the dying saint  
On his last couch reclines,  
When lights of earth are dim and fa  
Thy brightest lustre shines.

6 Thy smile is glorious to his eye,  
Thy brow like seraph fair,  
*Thou point'st his journey to the sky*  
*But may'st not follow there.*

## 1. C. M. GOLDSMITH.

*The Same.*

THE wretch, condemned with life to part,  
 Still, still on hope relies ;  
 And every pang that rends the heart  
 Bids expectation rise.

2 Hope like the glimmering taper's light,  
 Adorns and cheers the way ;  
 And still as darker grows the night,  
 Emits a brighter ray.

## 255. 8s &amp; 7s M. CAWOOD.

*The Angels' Song.*

1 HARK ! what mean those holy voices,  
 Sweetly sounding through the skies ?  
 Lo ! the angelic host rejoices ;  
 Heavenly hallelujahs rise.

2 Listen to the wondrous story,  
 Which they chant in hymns of joy :  
 "Glory in the highest, glory !  
 Glory be to God most high !

3 "Peace on earth, good-will from heaven,  
 Reaching far as man is found ;  
 Souls redeem'd, and sins forgiven ;  
 Loud our golden harps shall sound.

4 "Christ is born, the Great Anointed :  
 Heaven and earth his praises sing."

Learn  
Till in heaven  
Glory be to Goa -

6 "Let us learn the wondrous  
Of our great Redeemer's birth;  
Spread the brightness of his glory,  
Till it cover all the earth."

256. 12s & 11s M. ANONYMOUS.

1 Oh! sweet is morn's first breeze that strays  
on the mountain,  
And sighs o'er its bosom and murmurs away;

And bright is the beam which upsprings from  
day's fountain,  
And breaks o'er the East in its golden array.

2 And lovely the riv'let incessantly flowing  
Which winds gently murmur ring its course  
And welcome the plain :  
glowing,

Cheers the heart of the mariner to see  
the main.

3 But sweeter, my God, is thy

MISCELLANEOUS HYMNS.

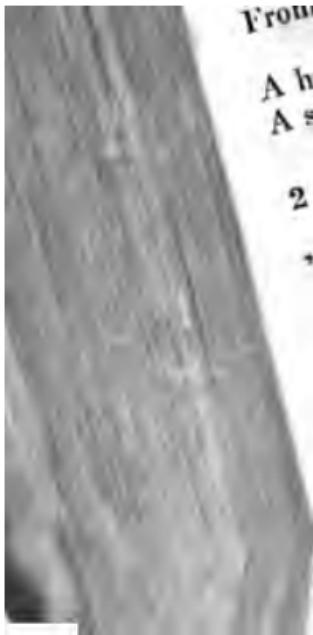
1. **W**hich soft as the summer's dew falls on  
the mind :  
**W**hich whispers the tidings of life and sal-  
vation,  
And casts the dark shadows of sorrow  
behind.

4 **O** yes! I have known it, when, kindly and  
cheering,  
It hushed the hoarse thunders of trouble to  
rest;  
It was heard, and the angel of mercy ap-  
pearing,  
Pour'd the balm of relief o'er the penitent's  
breast.

5 **A**nd still may I hear it, while crossing life's  
ocean,  
Or borne on the billow, or breath'd in the  
gale;  
Enkindling the flame of expiring devotion,  
And utt'ring the promise that never shall  
fail.

6 **'T**is the still voice of Him who expired on  
the mountain,  
And breath'd out for sinners his last dying  
groan;  
His voice who on Calvary open'd the fountain  
Of water to cleanse, and of blood to atone.

7 **T**hat voice, O believer, shall cheer and  
protect thee,



From " wild w' "—  
A holy, a sweet, and a "—  
A spring of refreshment, a place "—

2 'Tis the house of my God—'tis the dw'—  
'Tis the temple all hallowed by blessing &  
praise;  
If sorrow and faithlessness conquer me then  
My heart to the throne of his grace I can'

3 For a refuge like this, ah! what prai  
For a rest so serene, for a covert so  
Ah, why are the seasons of worship  
Ah, why are so seldom the meetings

8. 12s &amp; 11s M. DALE.

*The Joy of Angels.*

O WHY are the loud harps of seraphs re-sounding  
 Sweet music of joy through the bright realms above?  
 And the choir of the ransom'd in transport responding  
 New anthems of praise to the God of their love?

2 And why do they stoop from the scene of their gladness,  
 Where round the blest throne of the Lamb they recline?  
 And what can they trace in this dark vale of sadness,  
 To heighten a rapture already divine?

3 Behold in yon desolate cell, where reclining On earth, lone and cheerless, the captive is laid;  
 No beam through the gloom of his dungeon is shining,  
 No accents of friendship breathe solace or aid:

4 And yet, though the bands of the base have enchain'd him,  
 His soul bows submissive and meek to the rod;

6 And marvel no  
The saints to their Lord songs u-  
should raise;  
They gaze from their thrones on a sinner  
And repenting,  
and wake to, fresh transports of wonder  
and praise. R. JUKE!

**259.** 8s & 6s M. The Dying Christian.

1 **W**HAT is this that steals upon my fra-  
Is it death is it death?  
Which soon will quench the vital flar  
Is it death? is it death?  
If this is death, I soon shall be  
From every pain and sorrow free,  
I shall the King of Glory see,  
All is well, all is well.

1 Come, cease to weep, my friends, for me,  
All is well, all is well;  
My sins are pardon'd, I am free,

All is well, all is well;  
There's not a cloud which doth arise  
To hide my Jesus from my eyes,  
I soon shall mount the upper skies,

All is well, all is well.

2 Tune, tune your harps, ye saints in glory,

All is well, all is well;  
I'll rehearse the pleasing story,

All is well, all is well;

Bright angels are from glory come,  
They're round my bed and in my room,  
They wait to waft my spirit home,

All is well, all is well.

3 Hark! hark! my Lord and Master calls me,

All is well, all is well;

I shall see his face in glory,

All is well, all is well;

Farewell, my friends, adieu, adieu!

I can no longer stay with you,  
My glittering crown appears in view,—

All is well, all is well.

8s & 6s M. C. C. BURR.

260.

Grace is Free.

1 Come, hear me tell the pleasing story—  
Grace is free—Grace is free;

249

3 We shall soon be --  
Grace is free—grace is --  
There rejoicing in his favor,  
Grace is free—grace is free;  
Then not a cloud shall there arise,  
To hide the Saviour from our eyes,  
When we shall mount the upper skies,  
Grace is free—grace is free.

4 Now we'll sing the pleasing story,  
Grace is free—grace is free;  
All inherit worlds of glory,—  
Grace is free—grace is free;  
Jesus, the Lord, is crucified,  
I'was on Mount Calvary he died  
And there a full atonement made  
Grace is free—grace is free

4. C. P. M. \*I. NICHOLS.  
*Dedication.*

1 O THOU, our fathers' God,  
 We humbly seek thy face,  
 To own thy guardian hand  
 As they invoked thy grace :

And we will now awake the song,  
 Which lips unborn shall still prolong.

2 We hail thy Altars, Lord,  
 In every age thy care,  
 Those Zion courts more blessed  
 Than Israel's dwellings are;

Where praise with praise more deeply flows,  
 And heart with heart more warmly glows.

3 God of the Bethel Stone,  
 Be this a Bethel too;  
 Here fill our souls with awe,  
 Here Jacob's dream renew :

Here ope thy gate, and here arise  
 Those visioned steps that reached the skies.

4 God of the burning bush,  
 Whose uncomsuming flame  
 Revealed to Moses once  
 Thy presence and thy name;

Here, blessed Lord, thy presence prove,  
 And fire our souls with saving love.

5 God of that pilgrim house  
 Those ancient wanderers bore,

Guiding their desert way  
 To Canaan's promised shore;  
 Here guide our feet, our way attend,  
 Till dangers cease, and changes end.

6 O Thou, whose temple stood  
 The wonder of mankind,  
 Here all its types fulfil  
 For Jesus's Church designed;  
 Here oracle, and mercy seat,  
 And sacrifice, in Jesus meet.

7 Here fit our souls to rise  
 Where all thy love inspires,  
 Where angels cast their crowns  
 And strike their golden lyres.  
 Thus bless, O Thou, most good, most great  
 The house of prayer we dedicate.

1 O PRECIOUS Faith!—may I be found  
 Establish'd on its happy ground;  
 Instruct me, Jesus, from above,  
 And build me up in Faith and Love.

2 Then let the rising billows roll,  
 Faith is the anchor of my soul;  
 I'm well secured on every side,  
 Fix'd firm in Christ, my Rock,

## PRIVATE AND FAMILY DEVOTIONS.

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**263.**

S. M. ANONYMOUS.

### *Domestic Affection.*

- 1 How pleasing, Lord ! to see,  
How pure is the delight,  
When mutual love, and love to thee,  
A family unite !
- 2 From these celestial springs  
Such streams of comfort flow,  
As no increase of riches brings,  
Nor honors can bestow.
- 3 All in their stations move,  
And each performs his part  
In all the cares of life and love,  
With sympathizing heart.
- 4 Formed for the purest joys,  
By one desire possessed,  
One aim the zeal of all employs,—  
To make each other blessed.
- 5 No bliss can equal theirs,  
Where such affections meet ;

Where joy like morning dew distils,  
And all the air is love.

264.

L, M.

\*WAT

### *Morning Hymn.*

1 God of the morning ! at whose voice  
The cheerful sun makes haste to rise,  
And, robed in splendor, doth rejoice  
To run his journey through the skies;

2 O, like the sun may I fulfil  
Th' appointed duties of the day;  
With steady mind and active will  
March on, and keep the heavenly wa-

— and are right and pure

power prolongs my .....,  
evening shall make known  
fresh memorial of his grace.

of my time has run to waste,  
I, perhaps, am near my home;  
he forgives my follies past,  
d gives me strength for days to come.

ay my body down to sleep;  
ace is the pillow for my head;  
is ever watchful eye shall keep.  
s constant guard around my bed.

ith in his name forbids my fear;  
may thy presence ne'er depart!  
nd in the morning let me hear  
he love and kindness of thy heart.

the night of death shall co

FAMILY DEVOTIONS.

267

In whom are founded all my hopes,  
In whom my wishes end.

2 My soul, in pleasing wonder lost,  
Thy boundless love surveys;  
And, fired with grateful zeal, prepares  
Her sacrifice of praise.

3 When evening slumbers press my eyes  
With thy protection blest,  
In peace and safety I commit  
My weary limbs to rest.

4 My spirit, in thy hand secure,  
Fears no approaching ill;  
For, whether waking or asleep,  
Thou, Lord, art with me still.

5 Then will I daily to the world  
Thy wondrous acts proclaim,  
Whilst all with me shall prove  
And bless thy sacred name.

6 At morn, at noon, at night,  
The growing work I view,  
And thee alone will I  
Eternal praise is due.

C.

at my grateful praise and prayer  
Arise before thy throne.

What mercies has this day bestowed!  
How largely hast thou blest!  
My cup with plenty overflowed,  
With cheerfulness my breast.

3 Now may soft slumbers close my eyes,  
From pain and sickness free;  
And let my waking thoughts arise  
To meditate on thee.

4 Thus bless each future day and night,  
Till life's vain scene is o'er;  
And then, to realms of endless light  
O let my spirit soar.

## 268.

L. M.

WATTS.

*Sickness and Sorrow removed.*

1 I WILL extol thee, Lord, on high;  
At thy command diseases fly;  
Who but a God can speak, and save  
From the dark borders of the grave !

2 Sing to the Lord, ye saints of his,  
And tell how large his goodness is;  
Let all your powers rejoice and bless,  
While you record his holiness.

3 His chast'ning but a moment stays;  
His love is life and length of days;  
Though grief and tears the night employ,  
The morning star restores the joy.

**269.**

*The Widow's Prayer.*

1 THOUGH faint and sick, and worn away  
With poverty and woe,  
My widowed feet are doomed to stray  
Mid thorny paths below;

2 Be thou, O Lord! my Saviour still—  
My confidence and guide;  
I know that perfect is thy will,  
Whate'er that will decide.

3 I know the soul that trusts in the  
Thou never wilt forsake;  
And though a bruised reed I be  
That reed thou wilt not break.

4 Then keep me, Lord! where  
Support me on my way  
Though, worn with poverty  
My widowed footstep.

5 To give my weakness  
Thy staff shall yet  
And though thou change  
That staff shall.

How lovely seemed the infant's dawn !  
How swiftly fled his life away !

Ere sin could blight, or sorrow fade,  
Death timely came with friendly care,  
The opening bud to heaven conveyed,  
And bade it bloom forever there.

- 3 Yet the sad hour that took the boy  
Perhaps has spared a heavier doom,—  
Snatched him from scenes of guilty joy,  
Or from the pangs of ills to come.
- 4 He died before his infant soul  
Had ever burned with wrong desire,  
Had ever spurned at Heaven's control,  
Or ever quenched its sacred fire.
- 5 He died to sin, he died to care,—  
But for a moment felt the rod,  
Then, rising on the viewless air,  
His happy spirit soared to God.

271.

C. M.

\*COTTON.

*In Affliction.*

- 1 AFFLICITION is a stormy deep,  
Where wave resounds to wave;  
Though o'er my head the billows roll,  
I know the Lord can save.
- 2 When darkness and when sorrows rose,  
And pressed on every side,

The Lord has still sustained my  
And still has been my guide.

3 Perhaps, before the morning daw  
He will restore my peace;

For he who bade the tempest roa  
Can bid the tempest cease.

4 In the dark watches of the night  
I'll count his mercies o'er;

I'll praise him for ten thousand p  
And humbly seek for more.

5 Here will I rest, here build my h  
Nor murmur at his rod;

He's more than all the world to r  
My health, my life, my God!

FAMILY DEVOTIONS.

Saint echoes faint and fleet  
Old music's softest tones excel;  
I knew mine ear a strain so sweet,  
As thine, harmonious sabbath bell!

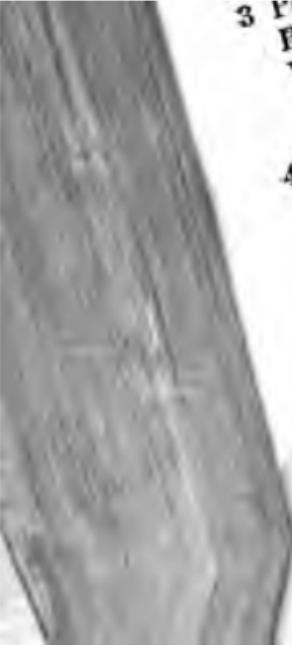
If holy hopes, of joys refined,  
The pensive murmur seemed to tel  
And spoke of countless joys combine  
In that sole thought, the sabbath be

And now my spirit spurns the thrall  
That binds me to my pillowry cell;  
And fain would hasten to the call,  
That vibrates from the sabbath bel

The holy fane, the sacred rite,  
The hallowed joys I loved so well  
Say, shall they bless again my sight,  
At summons of the sabbath bell?

Ah, no! that hope I fear is o'er,  
I bid the dear deceit farewell;  
And scarce may hope to hear once m  
The music of the sabbath bell.

Soon, soon its meek and mournful s  
May vibrate in my funeral knell;  
Yet while a thought of life remains,  
'Twill ne'er forsake the sabbath b  
And if, beyond this mortal lot,  
On former joys the soul may dwel  
My spirit still shall haunt the spot  
That echoes to the sabbath bell



3 Beloved thou  
Whose voice first taught  
And future bliss unknown on -

4 His faithful counsel, tender care,  
Unwearied love, and humble prayer;  
O these still claim the grateful tear,  
And all my drooping courage cheer.

5 If loud the wind, the tempest high,  
And darkness wraps the sullen sky,  
I muse on life's tempestuous sea,  
And sigh, O Lord, to come to thee.

6 Tossed on the deep and swelling wave,  
O mark my trembling soul, and save  
Give to my view that harbor near  
Where thou wilt chase each grievous

## L. M. RAFFLES.

*Value of God's Word.*

THIS world that we so highly prize,  
 And seek so eagerly its smile—  
 What is it?—vanity and lies—  
 A broken cistern all the while.

2 Pleasure with her delightful song,  
 That charms the unwary to beguile—  
 What is it?—the deceiver's tongue—  
 A broken cistern all the while.

3 And earthly friendships fair and gay,  
 That promise much with artful wile—  
 What are they?—only treachery—  
 A broken cistern all the while.

4 Riches, that so absorb the mind  
 In anxious care and ceaseless toil—  
 What are they?—faithless as the wind—  
 A broken cistern all the while.

5 Yes—all are broken cisterns, Lord!  
 To those that wander far from thee:  
 The living stream is in thy word,  
 Thou FOUNT OF IMMORTALITY.

## 275. C. M. ANONYMOUS.

*The Power of God.*

1 THE Lord our God is full of might,  
 The winds obey his will;

FAMILY DEVOTIONS.

276

He speaks, and in his heavenly height  
The rolling sun stands still.

2 Rebel, ye waves, and o'er the land  
With threatening aspect roar;  
The Lord uplists his awful hand,  
And chains you to the shore.

3 Howl, winds of night, your force con-  
Without his high behest,  
Ye shall not in the mountain pine  
Disturb the sparrow's nest.

4 His voice sublime is heard afar,  
In distant peals it dies;  
He yokes the whirlwinds to his  
And sweeps the howling skie

5 Ye nations bend, in reverence  
Ye monarchs wait his nod,  
And bid the choral song asce-  
To celebrate the God!

L. M.

276.

1 THAT setting sun  
What scenes, since first  
Of varied hue, its eye  
Which are, as though

2 That setting sun! full  
Hath dwelt upon its

264

## FAMILY DEVOTIONS.

sweet according thought subli-  
  try age, and every clime!  
sweet to mark thee, sinking sic-  
  cean's fabled caves below,  
when the obscuring night is do-  
  e thee rise, sweet setting sun.  
ien my pulses cease to play,  
  ly close my evening ray,  
e again, death's slumber done-  
  us like thee, sweet setting sun

11s & 8s M.      TA

*Moonlight.*

is it that gives thee, mild qu-  
  ie night,  
secret, intelligent grace ?  
ould I gaze with such pensive  
  , fair, but insensible face ?

gentle enchantment possess-  
  eam,  
d the warm sunshine of day ?  
om is cold as the glittering str-  
  e dances thy tremulous ray !

thou the sad heart of its s-  
  eguile ?  
ef's fond indulgence suspend ?  
re is the mourner but welcom-  
  nile,  
ves thee—almost as a friend

A mooning  
Poetical, pensiv...

6 I think of the years that for  
Of follies,—by others forgot;  
Of joys that are vanished—and hopes that a  
dead;  
And of friendships that were—and are<sup>1</sup>

7 I think of the future, still gazing the w'  
As though thou'dst those secrets reve  
But ne'er dost thou grant one encouraging  
To answer the mournful appeal.

8 Thy beams, which so bright throu  
casement appear,  
To far distant regions extend;  
Illumine the dwellings of those that

9 Then still I must love thee, mil  
And sleep on the grave of a frie  
the night!

Since feeling and fancy agree,  
To make thee a source of unsai  
A friend and a solace to me'

I seen the laughing spring,  
Her rich blessings o'er the earth  
Born beneath her fragrant wing  
Brought beauty forth, and love, and life;  
Spring soon fled, and summer then  
Genial heats diffused around,  
Nature's wildest, roughest glen  
Was by her hand with verdure crowed;  
Sweet summer, too, alas! was soon  
To quit the rich and smiling plain;  
While in fruitfulness she bloomed,  
Autumn began her glorious reign.  
But autumn's sun soon ceased to burn,  
And clouds, which roll athwart the sun,  
Clared that winter and his urn  
In viewless icy car was nigh.  
When winter came, the gorgeous sun

Oh! I may press my mother earth,  
And quit this vain world for the tomb.

9 Then let me, Lord, at whose command  
Summer, and spring, and winter roll,  
Praise, while I've life, the Almighty hand  
That spans the world from pole to pole.

10 At morning's light, Lord of all space  
I'll praise thee,—and at close of even  
Then lend me, Lord, some ray of grace  
To light my trembling steps to heaven

**279.** C. M. Mrs. HEM

*A Domestic Scene.—Tune, Auld Lang.*

1 'TwAs early day—and sunlight stre  
Soft through a quiet room,  
That hushed, but not forsaken, seen  
        With naught of gloom :

But oh! that patriarch's aspect shone  
 With something lovelier far—  
 A radiance all the Spirit's own,  
 Caught not from sun or star.

3 Some word of life e'en then had met  
 His calm, benignant eye:  
 Some ancient promise, breathing yet  
 Of immortality;  
 Some heart's deep language, where the glow  
 Of quenchless faith survives;  
 For every feature said—"I know  
 That my Redeemer lives."

4 And silent stood his children by,  
 Hushing their very breath  
 Before the solemn sanctity  
 Of thoughts o'ersweeping death;  
 Silent—yet did not each young breast  
 With love and reverence melt?  
 Oh! blest be those fair ones—and blest  
 That home where God is felt!

**280.** 6s, 8s & 4s M. ANONYMOUS  
*The Twilight Hour.*

1 O! sweet is twilight's hour,  
 When the gay sun is set in night,  
 And ev'ry tree and blossom'd flower  
 Weep tears of light.  
 O! sweet is evening's close,  
 When shadows on the mountains rest;

5.

stance throws

ght's hour:  
folly's vain,

ound  
, that ne'er was giv'n  
for all around  
en!

8s M. ANONYMOUS.

ig Derotion.  
me ye disconsolate."

pay my vows to thee;  
afted on the breath of morning  
elt praise to thee shall be.  
a art near me sleeping or waki  
thy love unchanged remain;  
I wander, thy ways forsaking  
y lead me back again.

6s, 7s & 8s M. ANONY

The Stillly Night.  
The night, has bow

Fond  
Of  
The smi  
The  
The e  
Th

2 1

nd memory brings the light  
 Of other days around me;  
 e smiles, the tears of boyhood's years,  
 The words of love then spoken,  
 he eyes that shone, now dimmed and gone,  
 The cheerful hearts now broken!  
 Thus in the stilly night, &c.

2 When I remember all  
 The friends so linked together,  
 I've seen around me fall,  
 Like leaves in winter weather,  
 I feel like one, who treads alone  
 Some banquet hall deserted,  
 Whose lights are fled, whose garland's dead,  
 And all but me departed.  
 Thus in the stilly night, &c.

## 283. 11s M.

*Home, Sweet Home.*

1 'Mid pleasures and palaces, though we may  
 roam,  
 Be it ever so humble, there's no place like  
 home;  
 A charm from the skies, seems to hallow us  
 there,  
 Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met  
 with elsewhere.  
 Home, home, sweet, sweet home.  
 There's no place like home.

F A

4 2 I gaze on the moon, as I  
And feel that my parent now  
child; She looks on that moon from our own cottage  
door, Through woodbines whose fragrance shall  
cheer me no more.  
Home, home, sweet, sweet home, &c.

3 An exile from home, splendor dazzles is  
vain,  
O give me my lowly, thatched cottage again,  
The birds singing gaily, that came at my call.  
Give me them with the peace of mind, dear  
than all.  
Home, home, sweet, sweet home  
There's no place like home.

7s M. Ano  
ning Song.  
ntain

## 5. C. M. Miss S. B. WINSLOW.

*The Past.*

Ye come, ye come with cloudless ray,  
 Bright visions of the past,  
 Soft stealing o'er, with pensive sway,  
 As if by magic cast,  
 The weary heart, and flooding it  
 With many hallowed scenes,  
 Treasured in sacred memory,  
 As loved and priceless things.

2 Ye come, departed dreams of bliss,  
 And vanished hopes and fears,  
 Gay phantoms beaming through the mist  
 Of far departed years,  
 Dispelling with thy fadeless light  
 The shadowy veil that's cast,  
 By time, in his oblivious flight,  
 O'er hours that might not last.

3 Ye come, loved forms, from this world gone,  
 With those far, far away,  
 And scattered o'er earth's vast expanse  
 In life's dark paths to stray—  
 Come with ye, and their voices sweet  
 Are chiming on the air,  
 In the bright paths where erst we met,  
 They all, they all are there.

4 Nay, mem'ry, thou art but a cheat;  
 Alone I linger here;

R

273

But yet, --  
Though causin' b  
A tear, yet not of bitter  
But softened feeling's tone,  
When sadness for the moment sits  
Within the heart enthroned.

11s M. ANONYMOU

286.

How cheering the thought.

1 How cheering the thought, that the <sup>sw</sup>  
of bliss  
Will bow their bright wings to a work  
as this;

Will leave the sweet joys of the <sup>m</sup>  
above,  
To breathe o'er our bosoms some  
of love.

2 They come, on the wings of t'  
they come,  
lead some poor wan  
snatch from

Worn alas! will not restore us  
 Yonder dim and distant Isle;  
 'Tis the hour when happy faces,  
 Smile around the taper's light;  
 Who will fill our vacant places?  
 Who will sing our songs to night?

3 When the waves are round us breaking,  
 As I pace the deck alone,  
 And my eye in vain is seeking  
 Some green leaf to rest upon;

4 Still my fancy can discover  
 Sunny spots where friends may dwell;  
 Darker shadows round us hover,  
 Isle of beauty "Fare thee well!"

5 Through the mist that floats above us,  
 Faintly sounds the vesper bell;  
 Like a voice from those who love us,  
 Breathing fondly "Fare thee well!"

6 What would I not give to wander  
 Where my old companions dwell?  
 Absence makes the heart grow warmer,  
 Isle of Beauty "Fare thee well!"

## 288. 7s & 5s M.

### *Last Rose of Summer.*

1 'Tis the last rose of summer,  
 Lest blooming alone;

No rose vuu  
To reflect back ber blushes,  
Or give sigh for sigh.

2 I'll not leave thee, thou lone one!  
To pine on the stein;  
Since the lovely are sleeping,  
Go, sleep thou with them;  
Thus kindly I scatter  
Thy leaves q'er the bed,  
Where thy mates of the garden  
Lie scentless and dead.

3 So soon may I follow,  
When friendships decay,  
And from love's shining circle  
The gems drop away!  
When true hearts lie withered,  
And fond ones are flown;  
No wou'd inhabit

## FAMILY DEVOTION

2 Sister, thou wast mild and  
Pleasant as the summer's  
Gentle as the air of evening  
When it flouts among the

3 Yet again, we hope to meet  
When the dream of life is  
Then in Heaven we joy to me  
Where no farewell tear is s

### 290. 8s & 7s M. Miss S. B. W *Guardian Angels.*

1 THEY are round our pathway  
Executing heaven's will;  
Morn and eve, they leave us ne  
Though we turn aside to ill.

2 Though an erring thought intrude  
Leading thousands in its train,  
Still some guardian spirit winnet  
Back to God and truth again.

3 Winneth back, if not extinguish  
Quite, the lamp of truth and l  
Lighted at the sacred altar  
Of the fountain head above.

They are with us, guardian angel  
With the pure in thought and t  
Mingling with a sister spirit,  
Heavenly wisdom to impa

1 FAMILY DEVOTIONS.

5 They are with the frail and erring,  
Striving with their power and might  
To dispel the darkness, dwelling  
Where should be the perfect light.

291. I. M. Miss S. B. WINSLOW.

1 AGAIN we meet—again the hearth  
Is cheered by its long absent ones,  
And gaily rings the voice of mirth,  
From hearts to joyous feelings strung.

2 The exile from a distant land,  
The exile from the sea has come,  
And here we meet, a blessed band,  
Once more in our beloved home.

3 Home, home—a parent's smile is  
A sister's kind and gentle voice  
A brother's welcome look we see  
Can earth boast higher, brighter

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FOR CHILDREN AT SABBATH  
SCHOOL.

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292.

C. M. ANONYMOUS.

*Remember thy Creator.*

- 1 In the soft season of thy youth  
In nature's smiling bloom,  
Ere we arrive and trembling wait  
Its summons to the tomb;
- 2 Remember thy Creator God;  
For him thy powers employ;  
Make him thy fear, thy love, thy hope,  
Thy confidence and joy.
- 3 He shall defend and guide thy cause  
Through life's uncertain sea,  
Till thou art landed on the shore  
Of blest eternity.
- 4 Then seek the Lord betimes, and choose  
The path of heavenly truth;  
The earth affords no lovelier sight  
Than a religious youth.

- 1 Happy is he, whose early years  
Receive instruction well;  
Who hates the sinner's path;  
The road that leads to ill.
- 2 Our youth, devoted to the Lord,  
Is pleasing in his eyes;  
A flow'r when offer'd in the bud  
Is no mean sacrifice.
- 3 'Tis easier work, if we begin  
To fear the Lord betimes;  
While sinners, who grow old in sin  
Are hardened in their crimes.
- 4 It saves us from a thousand fears  
'To mind religion young;  
With joy it crowns young;  
And renders virtue strong.
- 5 To thee, Almighty God, to thee  
Our hearts we now resign;  
'Twill please us to look back;  
That our whole lives were thine.
- 6 We'll do thy work, we'll speak thy  
Whilst we have life and breath  
Thus we're prepared for longer,  
Or fit for early death.

**4.** 8s & 7s M. ANONYMOUS.

*Lead us, Heavenly Father.*

**1** Lead us, heavenly Father, lead us,  
O'er the world's tempestuous sea;  
Guard and guide us, keep and feed us;  
For we have no help but thee:  
Still possessing every blessing,  
If our God our Father be.

**2** Saviour! breathe forgiveness o'er us;  
All our weakness thou dost know,  
Thou didst tread this world before us :  
Thou didst feel its keenest woe—  
Lone and dreary— weak and weary,  
Through the desert thou didst go.

**3** Spirit of our God, descending,  
Fill our hearts with heav'nly joy,  
Love with kind affection blending;  
Pleasure time can never cloy.  
Thus provided—pardon'd, guided,  
Nothing shall our peace destroy.

**295.** C. M. DODDRIDGE.

*Children received by Christ.*

**1** SEE Israel's gentle Shepherd stand,  
With all-engaging charms;  
Hark! how he calls the tender lambs.  
And folds them in his arms!

FOR CHILDREN

96

2 'Permit them to approach,' he cries,  
    'Nor scorn their humble name;  
For 'twas to bless such souls as these  
    The Lord of angels came.'

3 We bring them, Lord, by fervent prayer,  
    And yield them up to thee;  
Joyful that we ourselves are thine,  
    Thine let our offspring be!

4 Ye little flock, with pleasure hear:  
    The children seek his face;  
And fly with transport to receive  
    The blessings of his grace.

5 If orphans they are left behind,  
    Thy guardian care we trust;  
That care shall heal our bleeding heart,  
    If weeping o'er their dust.

C. M. ANONYMOUS

296.

1 O thou, to whom the grateful soul  
    Of prayer and praise is due;  
Hear, we intreat, our childish trust,  
    And grant thy blessing too,  
On those who have so kindly shown  
    Thy precepts to instil;  
Who strive to teach us how  
    And do thy holy will.

2 On such, O Lord, thy me

Who in this world of woe,  
Like fountains fresh, with waters fed,  
Bear blessings as they flow.  
May we, thus blest, yet humbly bow  
To Thee, the source of Love;  
And drawing nurture from below,  
Breathe brightness from above.

**297.**

C. M. ANONYMOUS.

*The Same.*

- 1 'Twas God who made the stars, that light  
    The beautiful blue sky ;  
    He made the moon, so clear and bright,  
    That nightly rises high;  
    'Twas God supreme, the glorious One,  
    Who form'd them by his pow'r,  
    He made alike the brilliant sun,  
    And ev'ry leaf and flow'r.
- 2 He made your little feet to walk;  
    Your sparkling eyes to see;  
    Your busy, prattling tongue to talk:—  
    And limbs so light and free.  
    He paints each fragrant flow'r that blows,  
    With loveliness and bloom;  
    He gives the violet and the rose,  
    Their beauty and perfume.
- 3 Our various wants his hands supply.  
    With bounty every hour,

We're kept beneath his watchful eye,  
 And guarded by his power.  
 Then let your little hearts with love,  
 Their grateful homage pay,  
 To that kind friend, who from above  
 Protects us every day.

## 298.

C. M. ANONYMOUS.

*The Same.*

1 Though God preserves me every hour  
 And feeds me every day,  
 I feel it is not in my power,  
 His goodness to repay.  
 The youngest child, the greatest king,  
 Alike must humbly own,  
 No worthy off'ring they can bring,  
 To lay before his throne.

2 For we, and all we offer, too,  
 Are His, who rules above;  
 Then is there nothing I can do,  
 To prove my grateful love?  
 An humble heart he'll not despise,  
 For 'tis his chief delight;  
 This is a holy sacrifice,  
 Well pleasing to his sight.

3 The richest gifts before his throne,  
 Would no acceptance find;  
 But he will kindly deign to own  
 A meek and humble mind.

This is an off'ring we may bring,  
However mean our store,  
The youngest child, the greatest King,  
Can give him nothing more.

**299.** 8s & 7s M. ANONYMOUS.

*The Same.*

- 1 Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing,  
Smile upon us from above,  
May we, each, thy peace possessing,  
Trust in thy paternal love.
- 2 Bless, O Lord! our fathers, mothers;  
Send our teachers light from heav'n;  
Bless our sisters, and our brothers;  
Let thy grace to each be giv'n.
- 3 Keep us through this night, from sorrow,  
Give us slumbers soft and sweet,  
Grant us health, that we to-morrow,  
All our friends may kindly greet.
- 4 Make us gentle, kind, and lowly;  
Teach us, Father, by thy word,  
How we may be good and holy,  
Like to Jesus Christ our Lord.

**300.** L. M. ANONYMOUS.

*The Same.*

- 1 From all who dwell below the skies,  
Let the Creator's praise arise,  
Let the Redeemer's name be sung,  
Through ev'ry land, by ev'ry tongue.

2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord,  
Eternal truth attends thy word;

Thy praise shall sound from shore;  
Till suns shall rise to set no more.

**301.** 8s & 7s M. \*ANONYMOUS.

The Same.

1 Heavenly Father, grant thy blessing  
On the teaching of this day;

That our hearts thy love possessing,  
May from sin be turned away.

2 Have we wandered? Oh! forgive us:  
Have we wished from truth to rove,-

Turn, oh! turn us, and receive us,  
And incline us truth to love.

S. M. ANON

**302.** For the last Sabbath in the Ye

1 The wind blows down the lages  
And yet the wind I cannot see.  
Playmates far off that have bee

My thoughts oft bring before m

2 The past by thought is present  
And yet I cannot see my thou

The charming rose my thou

Yet I can see no perfumes

3 The gay birds' notes—he

clear!

As soft they fall upon my

## GRACES.

list upon the air they float,  
yet cannot see a note.

would do what is forbid,  
ething in my heart I'm chid;  
ood, that something praises me,  
om fear am free.

ice is Conscience, whose alarms  
ve me from a thousand harms,  
her gentle guidance trust,  
reposing with the just.

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## GRACES.

### BEFORE MEAT.

L. M.

ent at our table, Lord;  
ere and every where ador'd;  
od, O bless, and grant that we  
feast in Paradise with thee.

L. M.

nectify this food and bless,  
our souls with righteousness:  
ere our last, O may we eat,  
our minds with heavenly meat:  
ar hungry souls be fed  
yself, th' everlasting bread.

GRACES.

S. M. D.

Father of earth and heaven,  
Thy hungry children feed;  
Thy grace be on our spirit given;  
That true immortal bread:  
Grant us and all our race,  
In Jesus Christ to prove,  
The sweetness of thy pardoning grace,  
The manna of thy love.

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AFTER MEAT.

L. M.

Thanks be given to thee, O Lord,  
For this needful temporal food;  
But spiritual bread on us bestow,  
O fill our souls while here below.

L. M.

Lord fill our hearts with gratefulness,  
For those mercies more or less:  
The least is great beyond degree,  
That thou bestowst on such as we.

7s & 6s.

Father through thy Son receive  
Our grateful sacrifice;  
All the wants of all that live  
Thine open hand supplies,  
Fills the world with plenteous food;  
For the riches of thy grace,  
Take thou, universal praise.





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